No.18

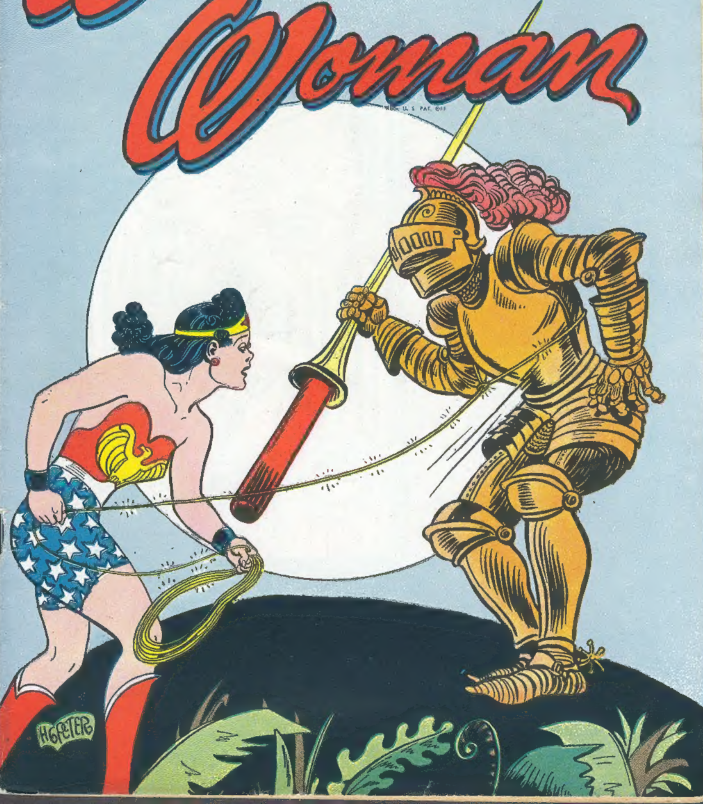
JULY-AUG.

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
IND

Wonder Woman

TEN CENTS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



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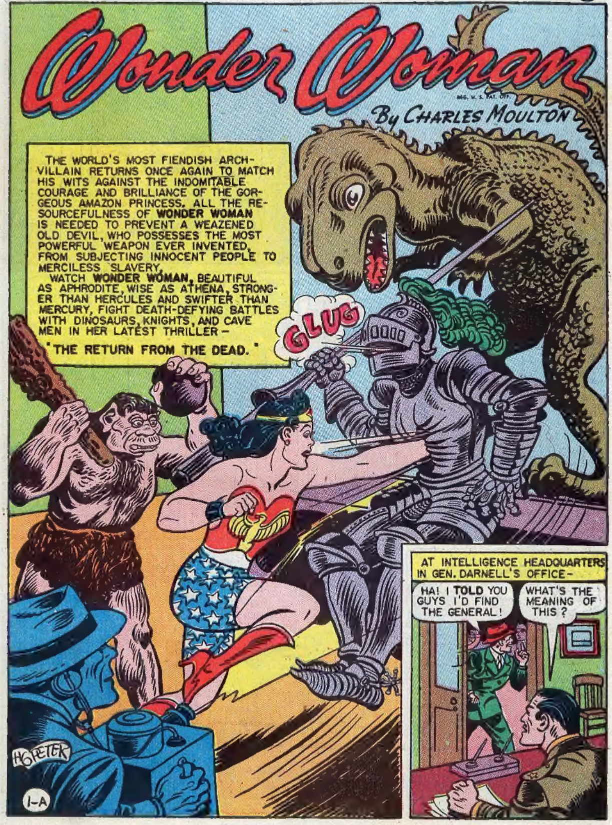
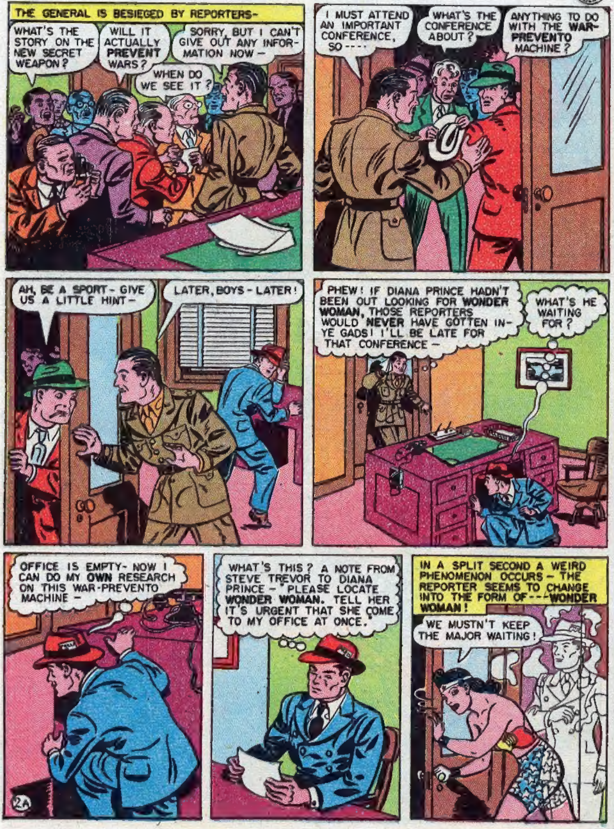
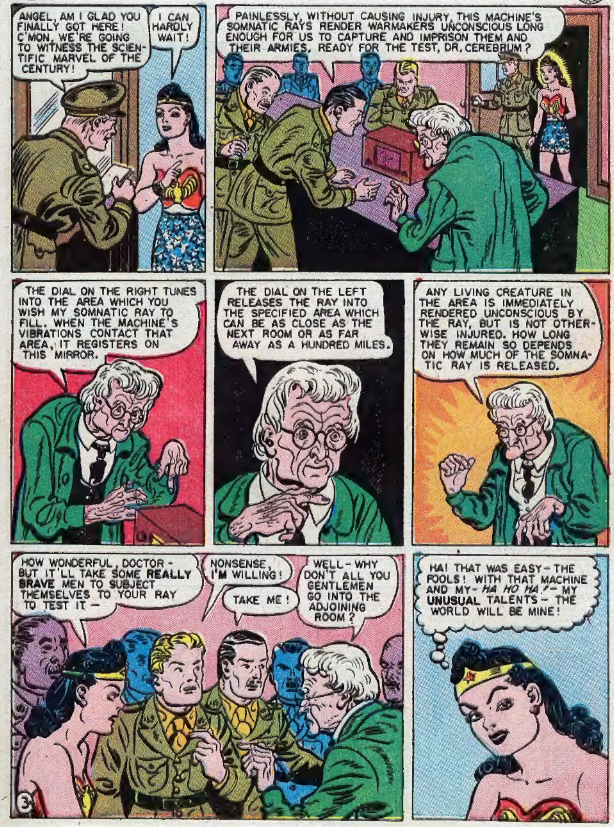
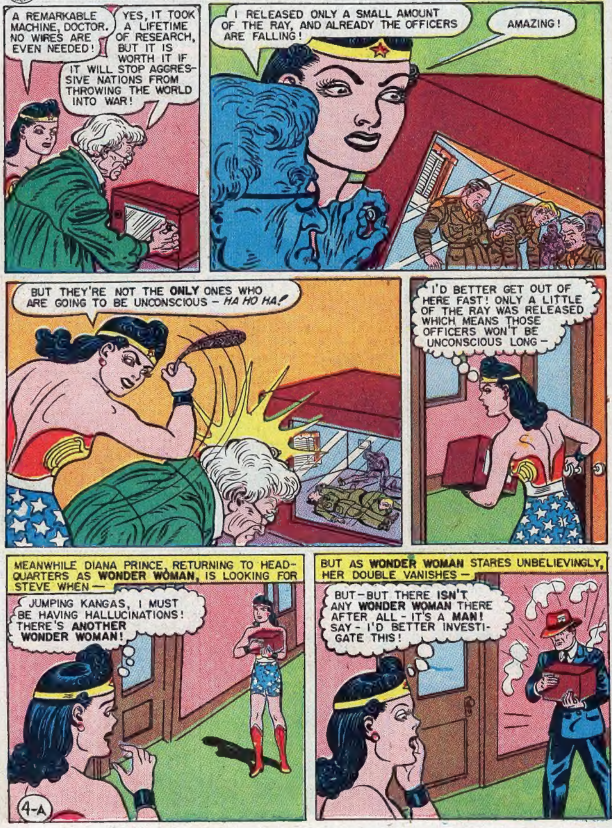
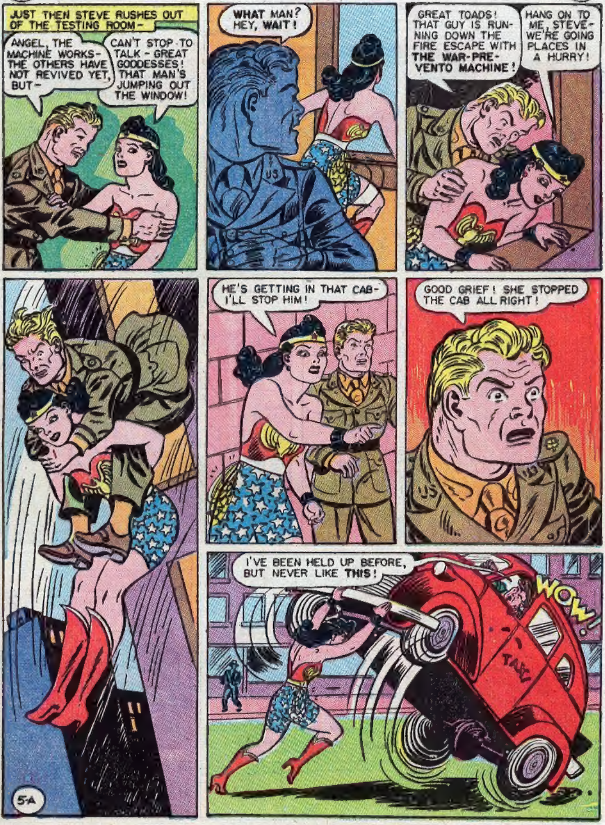
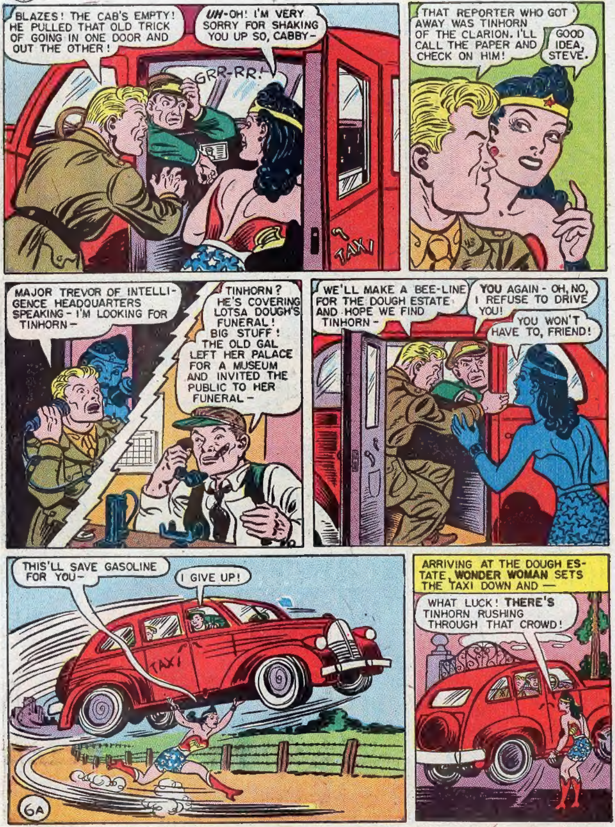

Wonder Woman
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
By CHARLES MOULTON
THE WORLD'S MOST FIENDISH ARCH-VILLAIN RETURNS ONCE AGAIN TO MATCH HIS WITS AGAINST THE INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND BRILLIANCE OF THE GORGEOUS AMAZON PRINCESS. ALL THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF WONDER WOMAN IS NEEDED TO PREVENT A WEAZENED OLD DEVIL, WHO POSSESSES THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON EVER INVENTED, FROM SUBJECTING INNOCENT PEOPLE TO MERCILESS SLAVERY.
WATCH WONDER WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL AS APHRODITE, WISE AS ATHENA, STRONGER THAN HERCULES AND SWIFTER THAN MERCURY, FIGHT DEATH-DEFYING BATTLES WITH DINOSAURS, KNIGHTS, AND CAVE MEN IN HER LATEST THRILLER —
"THE RETURN FROM THE DEAD."
GLUG
H G PETER
1-A
AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS IN GEN. DARNELL'S OFFICE—
HA! I TOLD YOU GUYS I'D FIND THE GENERAL!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS ?

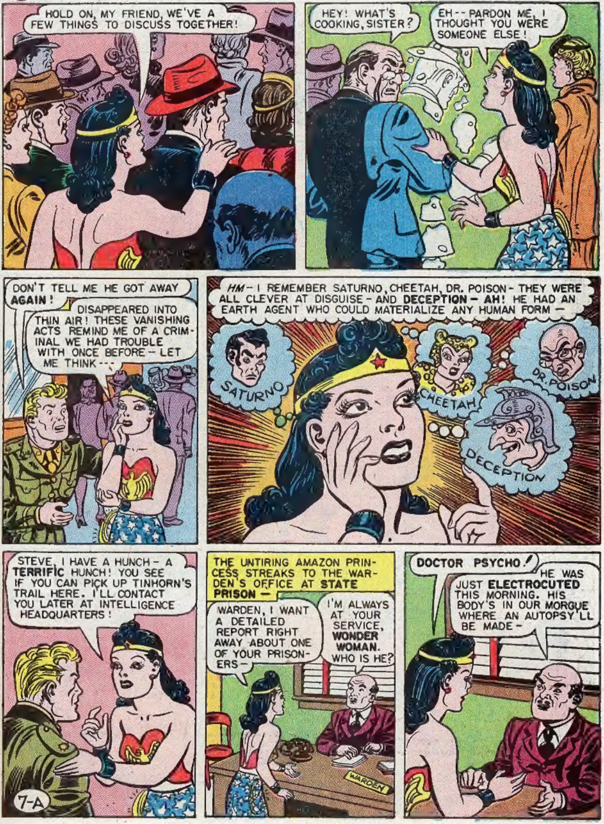

THE GENERAL IS BESIEGED BY REPORTERS—
WHAT'S THE STORY ON THE NEW SECRET WEAPON?
WILL IT ACTUALLY PREVENT WARS?
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T GIVE OUT ANY INFORMATION NOW—
WHEN DO WE SEE IT?
I MUST ATTEND AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE, SO---
WHAT'S THE CONFERENCE ABOUT?
ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE?
AH, BE A SPORT—GIVE US A LITTLE HINT—
LATER, BOYS—LATER!
PHEW! IF DIANA PRINCE HADN'T BEEN OUT LOOKING FOR WONDER WOMAN, THOSE REPORTERS WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN IN—YE GADS! I'LL BE LATE FOR THAT CONFERENCE—
WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?
OFFICE IS EMPTY—NOW I CAN DO MY OWN RESEARCH ON THIS WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE—
2A
WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE FROM STEVE TREVOR TO DIANA PRINCE—"PLEASE LOCATE WONDER WOMAN. TELL HER IT'S URGENT THAT SHE COME TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE."
IN A SPLIT SECOND A WEIRD PHENOMENON OCCURS—THE REPORTER SEEMS TO CHANGE INTO THE FORM OF---WONDER WOMAN!
WE MUSTN'T KEEP THE MAJOR WAITING!

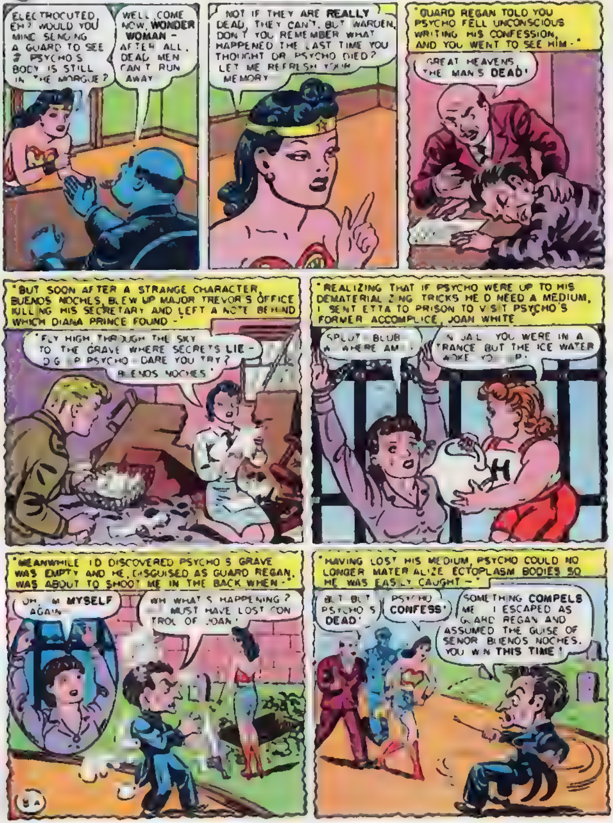

ANGEL, AM I GLAD YOU FINALLY GOT HERE! C'MON, WE'RE GOING TO WITNESS THE SCIENTIFIC MARVEL OF THE CENTURY!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
PAINLESSLY, WITHOUT CAUSING INJURY, THIS MACHINE'S SOMNATIC RAYS RENDER WARMAKERS UNCONSCIOUS LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO CAPTURE AND IMPRISON THEM AND THEIR ARMIES. READY FOR THE TEST, DR. CEREBRUM?
THE DIAL ON THE RIGHT TUNES INTO THE AREA WHICH YOU WISH MY SOMNATIC RAY TO FILL. WHEN THE MACHINE'S VIBRATIONS CONTACT THAT AREA, IT REGISTERS ON THIS MIRROR.
THE DIAL ON THE LEFT RELEASES THE RAY INTO THE SPECIFIED AREA WHICH CAN BE AS CLOSE AS THE NEXT ROOM OR AS FAR AWAY AS A HUNDRED MILES.
ANY LIVING CREATURE IN THE AREA IS IMMEDIATELY RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE RAY, BUT IS NOT OTHERWISE INJURED. HOW LONG THEY REMAIN SO DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH OF THE SOMNATIC RAY IS RELEASED.
HOW WONDERFUL, DOCTOR - BUT IT'LL TAKE SOME **REALLY BRAVE** MEN TO SUBJECT THEMSELVES TO YOUR RAY TO TEST IT -
NONSENSE, **I'M** WILLING!
TAKE ME!
WELL - WHY DON'T ALL YOU GENTLEMEN GO INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM?
3
HA! THAT WAS EASY - THE FOOLS! WITH THAT MACHINE AND MY - *HA HO HA!* - MY **UNUSUAL** TALENTS - THE WORLD WILL BE MINE!

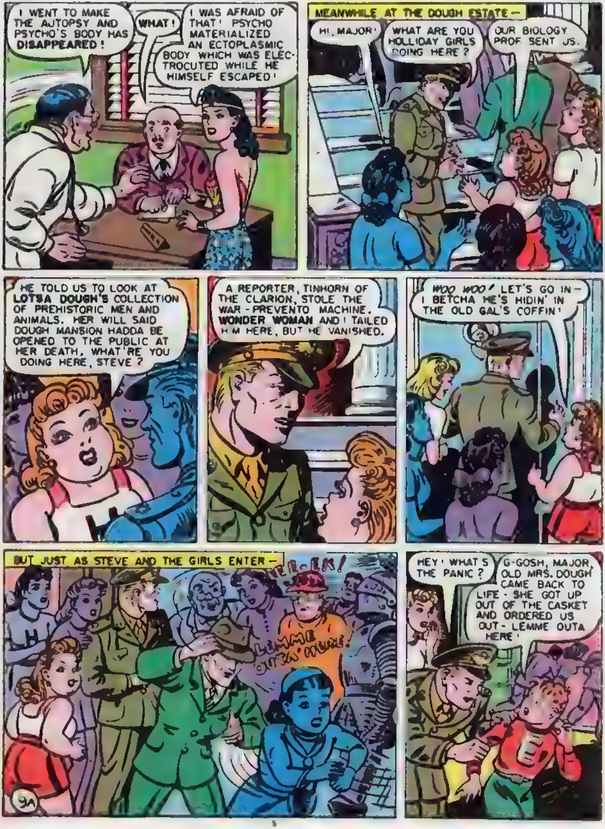

A REMARKABLE MACHINE, DOCTOR. NO WIRES ARE EVEN NEEDED!
YES, IT TOOK A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BUT IT IS WORTH IT IF IT WILL STOP AGGRESSIVE NATIONS FROM THROWING THE WORLD INTO WAR!
I RELEASED ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE RAY, AND ALREADY THE OFFICERS ARE FALLING!
AMAZING!
BUT THEY'RE NOT THE **ONLY** ONES WHO ARE GOING TO BE UNCONSCIOUS – *HA HO HA!*
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST! ONLY A LITTLE OF THE RAY WAS RELEASED WHICH MEANS THOSE OFFICERS WON'T BE UNCONSCIOUS LONG –
MEANWHILE DIANA PRINCE, RETURNING TO HEADQUARTERS AS **WONDER WOMAN**, IS LOOKING FOR STEVE WHEN –
JUMPING KANGAS, I MUST BE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! THERE'S **ANOTHER WONDER WOMAN!**
4-A
BUT AS **WONDER WOMAN** STARES UNBELIEVINGLY, HER DOUBLE VANISHES –
BUT–BUT THERE **ISN'T** ANY **WONDER WOMAN** THERE AFTER ALL – IT'S A **MAN!** SAY – I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS!

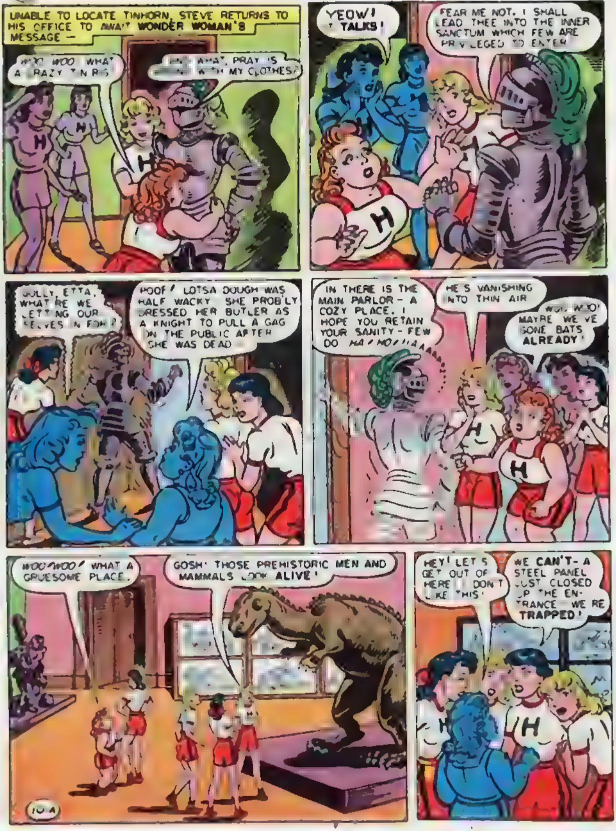

JUST THEN STEVE RUSHES OUT OF THE TESTING ROOM-
ANGEL, THE MACHINE WORKS- THE OTHERS HAVE NOT REVIVED YET, BUT-
CAN'T STOP TO TALK - GREAT GODDESSES! THAT MAN'S JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW!
WHAT MAN? HEY, WAIT!
US
GREAT TOADS! THAT GUY IS RUNNING DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE WITH THE WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE!
HANG ON TO ME, STEVE- WE'RE GOING PLACES IN A HURRY!
HE'S GETTING IN THAT CAB- I'LL STOP HIM!
GOOD GRIEF! SHE STOPPED THE CAB ALL RIGHT!
US
I'VE BEEN HELD UP BEFORE, BUT NEVER LIKE THIS!
WOW!
TAXI
5-A

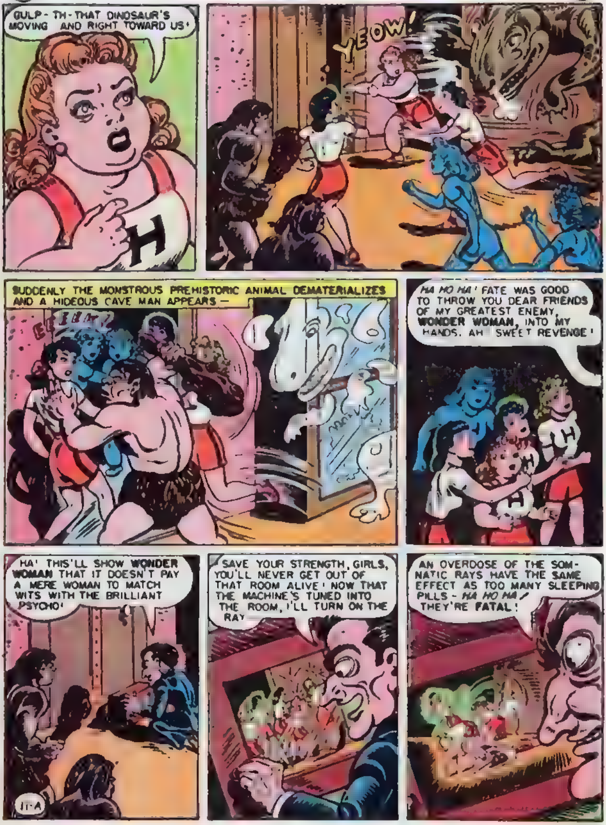

BLAZES! THE CAB'S EMPTY! HE PULLED THAT OLD TRICK OF GOING IN ONE DOOR AND OUT THE OTHER!
UH-OH! I'M VERY SORRY FOR SHAKING YOU UP SO, CABBY-
GRR-RR!
TAXI
THAT REPORTER WHO GOT AWAY WAS TINHORN OF THE CLARION. I'LL CALL THE PAPER AND CHECK ON HIM!
GOOD IDEA, STEVE.
MAJOR TREVOR OF INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS SPEAKING - I'M LOOKING FOR TINHORN -
TINHORN? HE'S COVERING LOTSA DOUGH'S FUNERAL! BIG STUFF! THE OLD GAL LEFT HER PALACE FOR A MUSEUM AND INVITED THE PUBLIC TO HER FUNERAL -
WE'LL MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR THE DOUGH ESTATE AND HOPE WE FIND TINHORN -
YOU AGAIN - OH, NO, I REFUSE TO DRIVE YOU!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO, FRIEND!
THIS'LL SAVE GASOLINE FOR YOU -
I GIVE UP!
TAXI
6A
ARRIVING AT THE DOUGH ESTATE, WONDER WOMAN SETS THE TAXI DOWN AND —
WHAT LUCK! THERE'S TINHORN RUSHING THROUGH THAT CROWD!

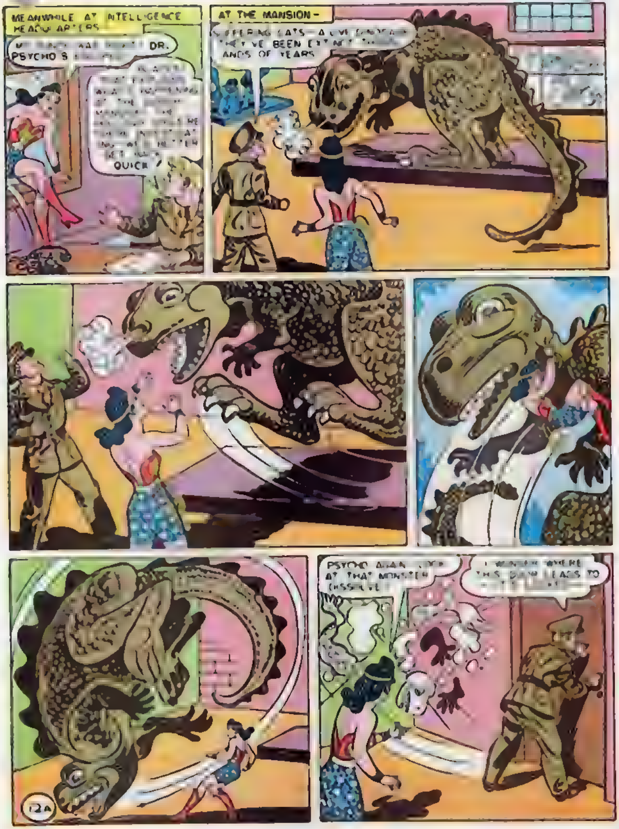

HOLD ON, MY FRIEND, WE'VE A FEW THINGS TO DISCUSS TOGETHER!
HEY! WHAT'S COOKING, SISTER?
EH -- PARDON ME, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE!
DON'T TELL ME HE GOT AWAY AGAIN!
DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! THESE VANISHING ACTS REMIND ME OF A CRIMINAL WE HAD TROUBLE WITH ONCE BEFORE - LET ME THINK ---
HM - I REMEMBER SATURNO, CHEETAH, DR. POISON - THEY WERE ALL CLEVER AT DISGUISE - AND DECEPTION - AH! HE HAD AN EARTH AGENT WHO COULD MATERIALIZE ANY HUMAN FORM -
SATURNO
CHEETAH
DR. POISON
DECEPTION
STEVE, I HAVE A HUNCH - A TERRIFIC HUNCH! YOU SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP TINHORN'S TRAIL HERE. I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS!
7-A
THE UNTIRING AMAZON PRINCESS STREAKS TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT STATE PRISON -
WARDEN, I WANT A DETAILED REPORT RIGHT AWAY ABOUT ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS -
I'M ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE, WONDER WOMAN. WHO IS HE?
WARDEN
DOCTOR PSYCHO!
HE WAS JUST ELECTROCUTED THIS MORNING. HIS BODY'S IN OUR MORGUE WHERE AN AUTOPSY'LL BE MADE -

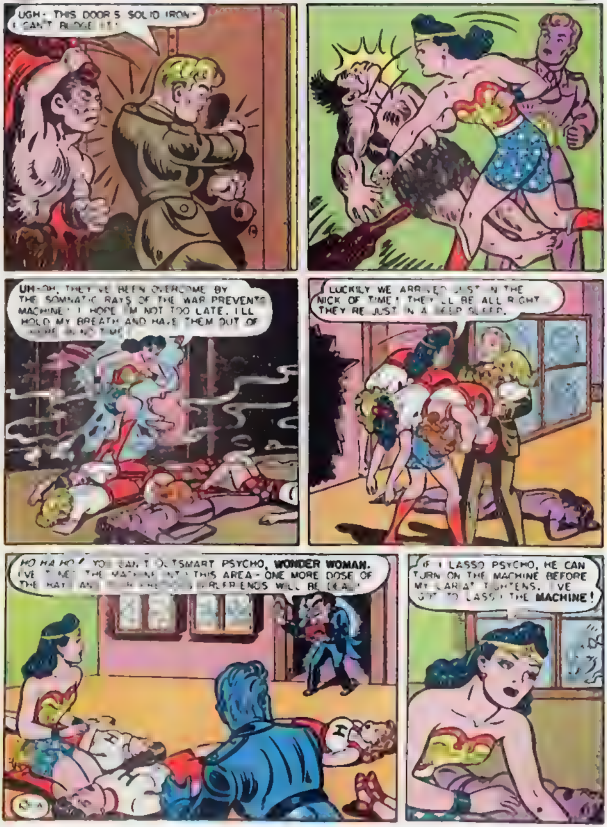

ELECTROCUTED, EH? WOULD YOU MIND SENDING A GUARD TO SEE IF PSYCHO'S BODY IS STILL IN THE MORGUE?
WELL, COME NOW, **WONDER WOMAN** – AFTER ALL, DEAD MEN CAN'T RUN AWAY
NOT IF THEY ARE **REALLY** DEAD, THEY CAN'T. BUT WARDEN, DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME YOU THOUGHT DR. PSYCHO DIED? LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY
"GUARD REGAN TOLD YOU PSYCHO FELL UNCONSCIOUS WRITING HIS CONFESSION, AND YOU WENT TO SEE HIM –"
GREAT HEAVENS, THE MAN'S **DEAD**!
"BUT SOON AFTER A STRANGE CHARACTER, BUENOS NOCHES, BLEW UP MAJOR TREVOR'S OFFICE KILLING HIS SECRETARY AND LEFT A NOTE BEHIND WHICH DIANA PRINCE FOUND –"
"FLY HIGH THROUGH THE SKY TO THE GRAVE WHERE SECRETS LIE – DIG UP PSYCHO – DARE YOU TRY? BUENOS NOCHES"
"REALIZING THAT IF PSYCHO WERE UP TO HIS DEMATERIALIZING TRICKS HE'D NEED A MEDIUM, I SENT ETTA TO PRISON TO VISIT PSYCHO'S FORMER ACCOMPLICE, JOAN WHITE"
SPLUT! BLUB – WHERE AM I?
IN JAIL. YOU WERE IN A TRANCE BUT THE ICE WATER WOKE YOU UP!
H
"MEANWHILE I'D DISCOVERED PSYCHO'S GRAVE WAS EMPTY AND HE, DISGUISED AS GUARD REGAN, WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK WHEN –"
OH, I'M **MYSELF** AGAIN
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? I MUST HAVE LOST CONTROL OF JOAN!
"HAVING LOST HIS MEDIUM, PSYCHO COULD NO LONGER MATERIALIZE ECTOPLASM BODIES SO HE WAS EASILY CAUGHT –"
BUT-BUT PSYCHO'S **DEAD**!
PSYCHO, **CONFESS**!
SOMETHING **COMPELS** ME – I ESCAPED AS GUARD REGAN AND ASSUMED THE GUISE OF SENOR BUENOS NOCHES. YOU WIN **THIS TIME**!

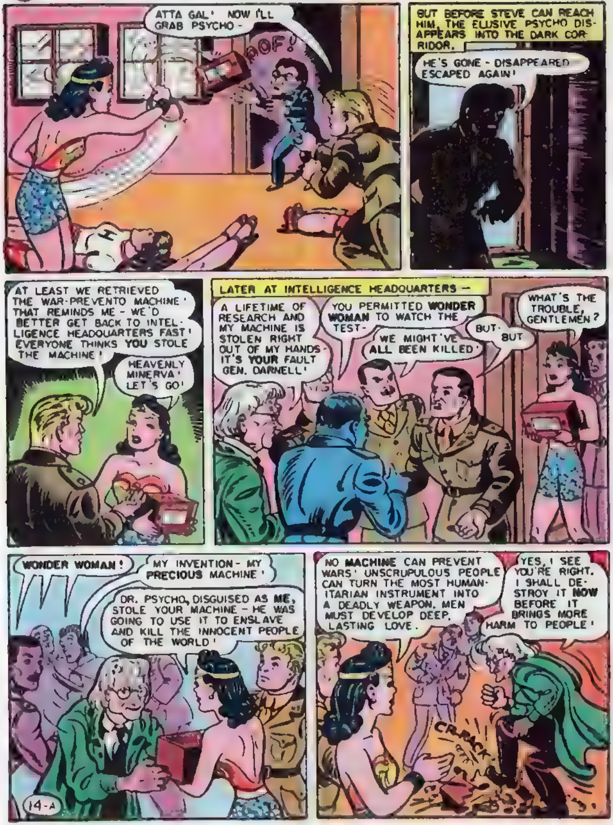

I WENT TO MAKE THE AUTOPSY AND PSYCHO'S BODY HAS **DISAPPEARED**!
WHAT!
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! PSYCHO MATERIALIZED AN ECTOPLASMIC BODY WHICH WAS ELECTROCUTED WHILE HE HIMSELF ESCAPED!
MEANWHILE AT THE DOUGH ESTATE—
HI, MAJOR!
WHAT ARE YOU HOLLIDAY GIRLS DOING HERE?
OUR BIOLOGY PROF. SENT US.
HE TOLD US TO LOOK AT **LOTSA DOUGH'S** COLLECTION OF PREHISTORIC MEN AND ANIMALS. HER WILL SAID DOUGH MANSION HADDA BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AT HER DEATH. WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, STEVE?
A REPORTER, TINHORN OF THE CLARION, STOLE THE WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE. **WONDER WOMAN** AND I TAILED HIM HERE, BUT HE VANISHED.
WOO WOO! LET'S GO IN—I BETCHA HE'S HIDIN' IN THE OLD GAL'S COFFIN!
BUT JUST AS STEVE AND THE GIRLS ENTER—
EER-EK!
LEMME OUTA' HERE!
H
9A
HEY! WHAT'S THE PANIC?
G-GOSH, MAJOR, OLD MRS. DOUGH CAME BACK TO LIFE - SHE GOT UP OUT OF THE CASKET AND ORDERED US OUT - LEMME OUTA HERE!

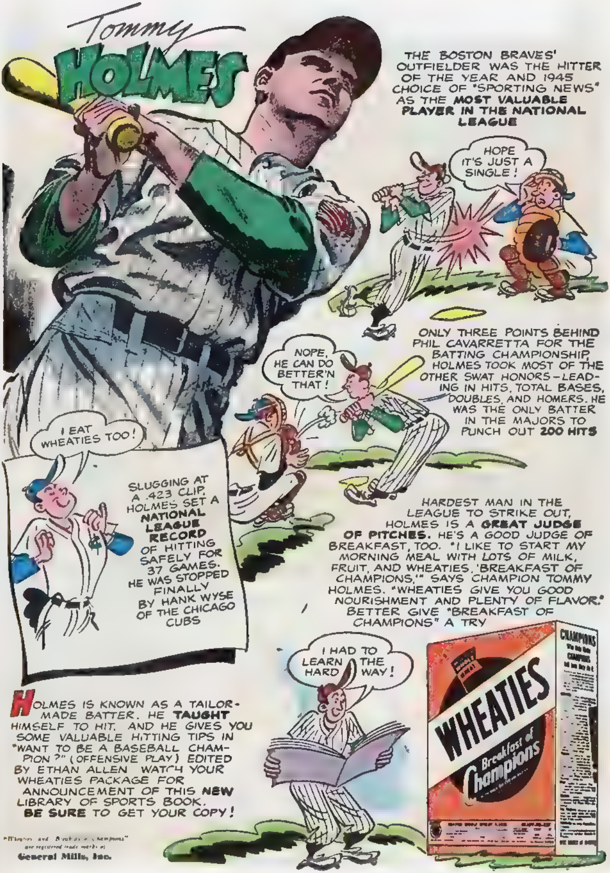

UNABLE TO LOCATE TINHORN, STEVE RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE TO AWAIT WONDER WOMAN'S MESSAGE —
WOO WOO! WHAT A CRAZY TIN RIG!
[illegible] WHAT, PRAY IS [illegible] WITH MY CLOTHES?
YEOW! IT TALKS!
FEAR ME NOT. I SHALL LEAD THEE INTO THE INNER SANCTUM WHICH FEW ARE PRIVILEGED TO ENTER.
GOLLY, ETTA, WHAT'RE WE LETTING OURSELVES IN FOR?
POOF! LOTSA DOUGH WAS HALF WACKY. SHE PROB'LY DRESSED HER BUTLER AS A KNIGHT TO PULL A GAG ON THE PUBLIC AFTER SHE WAS DEAD.
IN THERE IS THE MAIN PARLOR - A COZY PLACE. I HOPE YOU RETAIN YOUR SANITY - FEW DO HA! HO! HAAAAAA
HE'S VANISHING INTO THIN AIR
WOO, WOO! MAYBE WE'VE GONE BATS ALREADY!
WOO WOO! WHAT A GRUESOME PLACE.
GOSH! THOSE PREHISTORIC MEN AND MAMMALS LOOK ALIVE!
HEY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T LIKE THIS!
WE CAN'T- A STEEL PANEL JUST CLOSED UP THE ENTRANCE- WE'RE TRAPPED!
10-4


GULP - TH-THAT DINOSAUR'S MOVING AND RIGHT TOWARD US!
YEOW!
SUDDENLY THE MONSTROUS PREHISTORIC ANIMAL DEMATERIALIZES AND A HIDEOUS CAVE MAN APPEARS —
HA HO HA! FATE WAS GOOD TO THROW YOU DEAR FRIENDS OF MY GREATEST ENEMY, WONDER WOMAN, INTO MY HANDS. AH SWEET REVENGE!
HA! THIS'LL SHOW WONDER WOMAN THAT IT DOESN'T PAY A MERE WOMAN TO MATCH WITS WITH THE BRILLIANT PSYCHO!
SAVE YOUR STRENGTH, GIRLS, YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THAT ROOM ALIVE! NOW THAT THE MACHINE'S TUNED INTO THE ROOM, I'LL TURN ON THE RAY.
AN OVERDOSE OF THE SOMNATIC RAYS HAVE THE SAME EFFECT AS TOO MANY SLEEPING PILLS - HA HO HA! THEY'RE FATAL!


MEANWHILE AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS
[illegible] DR. PSYCHO'S [illegible]
[illegible] QUICK!
AT THE MANSION—
SUFFERING CATS— A LIVE DINOSAUR! THEY'VE BEEN EXTINCT THOUSANDS OF YEARS
PSYCHO AGAIN! LOOK AT THAT MONSTER DISSOLVE!
I WONDER WHERE THIS DOOR LEADS TO [illegible]
12A


UGH - THIS DOOR'S SOLID IRON - I CAN'T BUDGE IT!
UH-OH, THEY'VE BEEN OVERCOME BY THE SOMNATIC RAYS OF THE WAR PREVENTS MACHINE! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. I'LL HOLD MY BREATH AND HAVE THEM OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME!
LUCKILY WE ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE JUST IN A DEEP SLEEP.
HO HA HO! YOU CAN'T OUTSMART PSYCHO, WONDER WOMAN. I'VE TUNED THE MACHINE INTO THIS AREA - ONE MORE DOSE OF THE RAYS AND [illegible] GIRLFRIENDS WILL BE DEAD!
IF I LASSO PSYCHO, HE CAN TURN ON THE MACHINE BEFORE MY LARIAT TIGHTENS. I'VE GOT TO LASSO THE MACHINE!


ATTA GAL! NOW I'LL GRAB PSYCHO -
POOF!
BUT BEFORE STEVE CAN REACH HIM, THE ELUSIVE PSYCHO DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK CORRIDOR.
HE'S GONE - DISAPPEARED - ESCAPED AGAIN!
AT LEAST WE RETRIEVED THE WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE! THAT REMINDS ME - WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS FAST! EVERYONE THINKS YOU STOLE THE MACHINE!
HEAVENLY MINERVA! LET'S GO!
LATER AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS —
A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH AND MY MACHINE IS STOLEN RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS - IT'S YOUR FAULT GEN. DARNELL!
YOU PERMITTED WONDER WOMAN TO WATCH THE TEST-
WE MIGHT'VE ALL BEEN KILLED!
BUT-
BUT
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN?
WONDER WOMAN!
MY INVENTION - MY PRECIOUS MACHINE!
DR. PSYCHO, DISGUISED AS ME, STOLE YOUR MACHINE - HE WAS GOING TO USE IT TO ENSLAVE AND KILL THE INNOCENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD!
14-A
NO MACHINE CAN PREVENT WARS! UNSCRUPULOUS PEOPLE CAN TURN THE MOST HUMANITARIAN INSTRUMENT INTO A DEADLY WEAPON. MEN MUST DEVELOP DEEP, LASTING LOVE.
YES, I SEE YOU'RE RIGHT. I SHALL DESTROY IT NOW BEFORE IT BRINGS MORE HARM TO PEOPLE!
CR-RACK



Tommy
HOLMES
HOPE IT'S JUST A SINGLE!
NOPE, HE CAN DO BETTER'N THAT!
I EAT WHEATIES TOO!
I HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
CHAMPIONS

THE BOSTON BRAVES' OUTFIELDER WAS THE HITTER OF THE YEAR AND 1945 CHOICE OF "SPORTING NEWS" AS THE **MOST VALUABLE PLAYER IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE**

ONLY THREE POINTS BEHIND PHIL CAVARRETTA FOR THE BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP, HOLMES TOOK MOST OF THE OTHER SWAT HONORS—LEADING IN HITS, TOTAL BASES, DOUBLES, AND HOMERS. HE WAS THE ONLY BATTER IN THE MAJORS TO PUNCH OUT **200 HITS**

SLUGGING AT A .423 CLIP, HOLMES SET A **NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD** OF HITTING SAFELY FOR 37 GAMES. HE WAS STOPPED FINALLY BY HANK WYSE OF THE CHICAGO CUBS

HARDEST MAN IN THE LEAGUE TO STRIKE OUT, HOLMES IS A **GREAT JUDGE OF PITCHES.** HE'S A GOOD JUDGE OF BREAKFAST, TOO. "I LIKE TO START MY MORNING MEAL WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS CHAMPION TOMMY HOLMES. "WHEATIES GIVE YOU GOOD NOURISHMENT AND PLENTY OF FLAVOR." BETTER GIVE "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" A TRY

HOLMES IS KNOWN AS A TAILOR-MADE BATTER. HE **TAUGHT** HIMSELF TO HIT. AND HE GIVES YOU SOME VALUABLE HITTING TIPS IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (OFFENSIVE PLAY) EDITED BY ETHAN ALLEN. WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS **NEW** LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK. **BE SURE** TO GET YOUR COPY!

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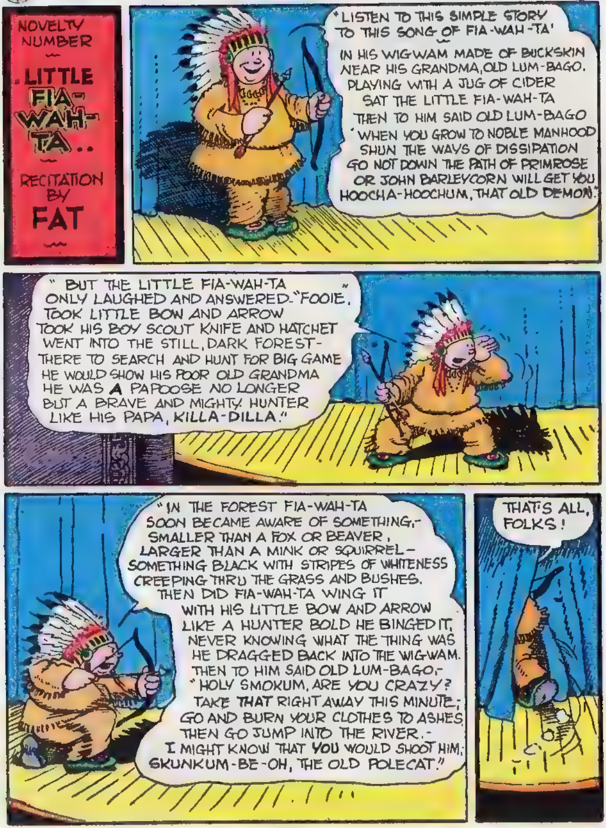
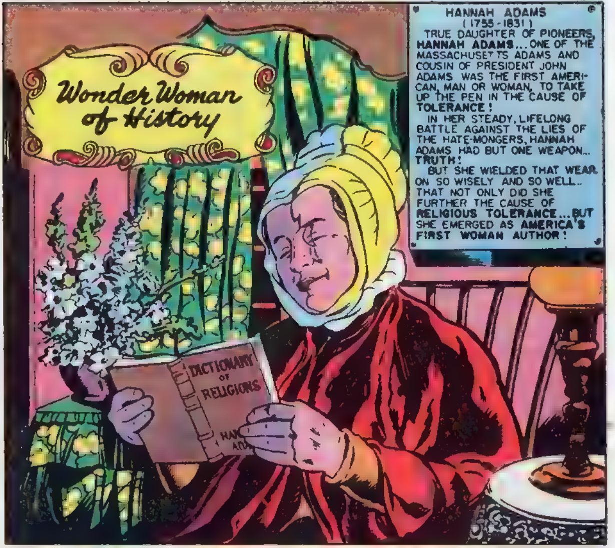
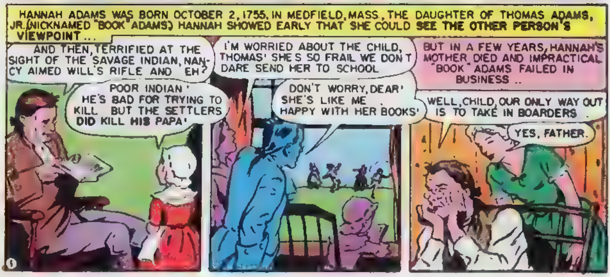
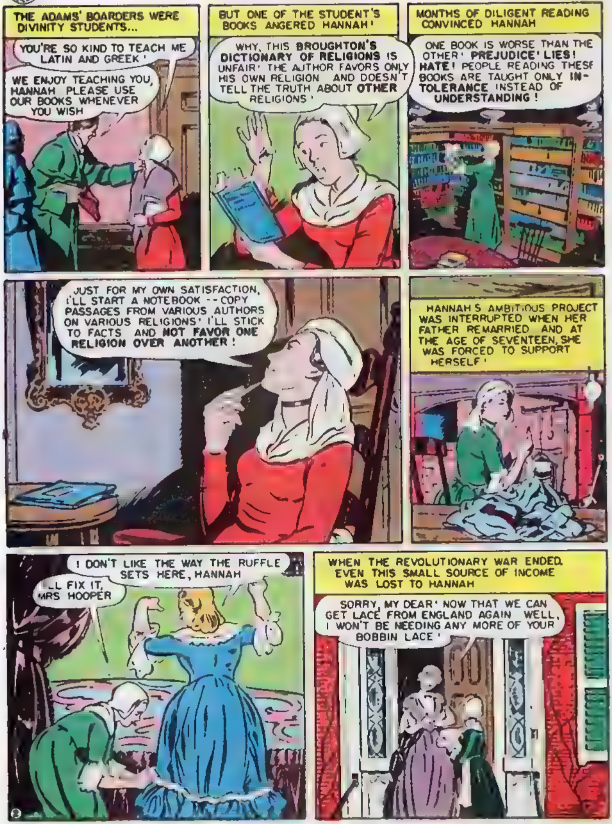
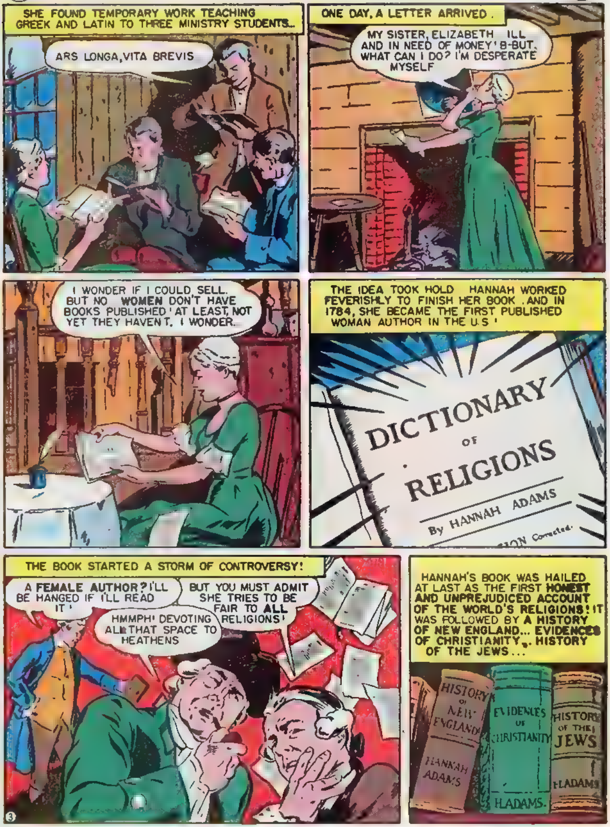
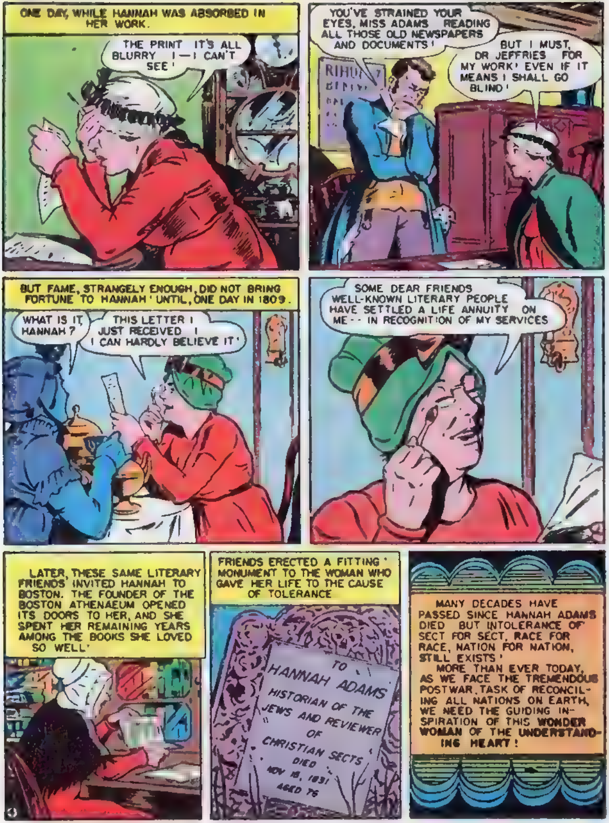

NOVELTY NUMBER
LITTLE FIA-WAH-TA..
RECITATION BY FAT
"LISTEN TO THIS SIMPLE STORY TO THIS SONG OF FIA-WAH-TA' IN HIS WIGWAM MADE OF BUCKSKIN NEAR HIS GRANDMA, OLD LUM-BAGO. PLAYING WITH A JUG OF CIDER SAT THE LITTLE FIA-WAH-TA THEN TO HIM SAID OLD LUM-BAGO 'WHEN YOU GROW TO NOBLE MANHOOD SHUN THE WAYS OF DISSIPATION GO NOT DOWN THE PATH OF PRIMROSE OR JOHN BARLEYCORN WILL GET YOU HOOCHA-HOOCHUM, THAT OLD DEMON."
"BUT THE LITTLE FIA-WAH-TA ONLY LAUGHED AND ANSWERED "FOOIE." TOOK LITTLE BOW AND ARROW TOOK HIS BOY SCOUT KNIFE AND HATCHET WENT INTO THE STILL, DARK FOREST- THERE TO SEARCH AND HUNT FOR BIG GAME HE WOULD SHOW HIS POOR OLD GRANDMA HE WAS A PAPOOSE NO LONGER BUT A BRAVE AND MIGHTY HUNTER LIKE HIS PAPA, KILLA-DILLA."
"IN THE FOREST FIA-WAH-TA SOON BECAME AWARE OF SOMETHING,- SMALLER THAN A FOX OR BEAVER, LARGER THAN A MINK OR SQUIRREL- SOMETHING BLACK WITH STRIPES OF WHITENESS CREEPING THRU THE GRASS AND BUSHES. THEN DID FIA-WAH-TA WING IT WITH HIS LITTLE BOW AND ARROW LIKE A HUNTER BOLD HE BINGED IT, NEVER KNOWING WHAT THE THING WAS HE DRAGGED BACK INTO THE WIGWAM. THEN TO HIM SAID OLD LUM-BAGO,- 'HOLY SMOKUM, ARE YOU CRAZY? TAKE THAT RIGHT AWAY THIS MINUTE; GO AND BURN YOUR CLOTHES TO ASHES THEN GO JUMP INTO THE RIVER.- I MIGHT KNOW THAT YOU WOULD SHOOT HIM; SKUNKUM-BE-OH, THE OLD POLECAT."
THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

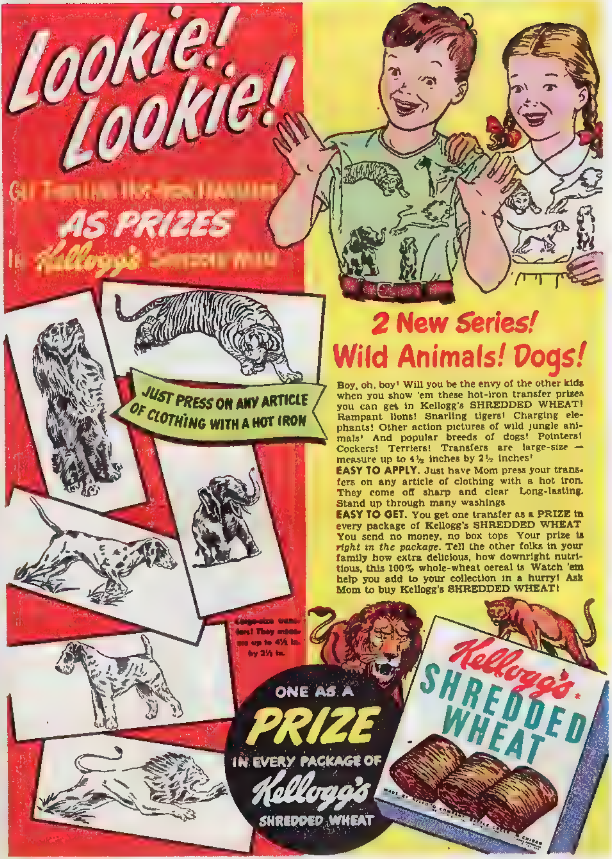

Wonder Woman of History
HANNAH ADAMS
(1755 - 1831)
TRUE DAUGHTER OF PIONEERS, HANNAH ADAMS... ONE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ADAMS AND COUSIN OF PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS WAS THE FIRST AMERICAN, MAN OR WOMAN, TO TAKE UP THE PEN IN THE CAUSE OF TOLERANCE!
IN HER STEADY, LIFELONG BATTLE AGAINST THE LIES OF THE HATE-MONGERS, HANNAH ADAMS HAD BUT ONE WEAPON... TRUTH!
BUT SHE WIELDED THAT WEAPON SO WISELY AND SO WELL.. THAT NOT ONLY DID SHE FURTHER THE CAUSE OF RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE... BUT SHE EMERGED AS AMERICA'S FIRST WOMAN AUTHOR!
DICTIONARY OF RELIGIONS
HAN AD


HANNAH ADAMS WAS BORN OCTOBER 2, 1755, IN MEDFIELD, MASS., THE DAUGHTER OF THOMAS ADAMS, JR. (NICKNAMED "BOOK" ADAMS) HANNAH SHOWED EARLY THAT SHE COULD SEE THE OTHER PERSON'S VIEWPOINT...
AND THEN, TERRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE SAVAGE INDIAN, NANCY AIMED WILL'S RIFLE AND -- EH?
POOR INDIAN! HE'S BAD FOR TRYING TO KILL. BUT THE SETTLERS DID KILL HIS PAPA!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE CHILD, THOMAS! SHE'S SO FRAIL WE DON'T DARE SEND HER TO SCHOOL.
DON'T WORRY, DEAR! SHE'S LIKE ME -- HAPPY WITH HER BOOKS!
BUT IN A FEW YEARS, HANNAH'S MOTHER DIED AND IMPRACTICAL "BOOK" ADAMS FAILED IN BUSINESS..
WELL, CHILD, OUR ONLY WAY OUT IS TO TAKE IN BOARDERS.
YES, FATHER.


THE ADAMS' BOARDERS WERE DIVINITY STUDENTS...
YOU'RE SO KIND TO TEACH ME LATIN AND GREEK!
WE ENJOY TEACHING YOU, HANNAH. PLEASE USE OUR BOOKS WHENEVER YOU WISH.
BUT ONE OF THE STUDENT'S BOOKS ANGERED HANNAH!
WHY, THIS BROUGHTON'S DICTIONARY OF RELIGIONS IS UNFAIR! THE AUTHOR FAVORS ONLY HIS OWN RELIGION AND DOESN'T TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT OTHER RELIGIONS!
MONTHS OF DILIGENT READING CONVINCED HANNAH
ONE BOOK IS WORSE THAN THE OTHER! PREJUDICE! LIES! HATE! PEOPLE READING THESE BOOKS ARE TAUGHT ONLY INTOLERANCE INSTEAD OF UNDERSTANDING!
JUST FOR MY OWN SATISFACTION, I'LL START A NOTEBOOK -- COPY PASSAGES FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS ON VARIOUS RELIGIONS! I'LL STICK TO FACTS AND NOT FAVOR ONE RELIGION OVER ANOTHER!
HANNAH'S AMBITIOUS PROJECT WAS INTERRUPTED WHEN HER FATHER REMARRIED, AND AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, SHE WAS FORCED TO SUPPORT HERSELF!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE RUFFLE SETS HERE, HANNAH.
'LL FIX IT, MRS HOOPER.
WHEN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR ENDED, EVEN THIS SMALL SOURCE OF INCOME WAS LOST TO HANNAH.
SORRY, MY DEAR! NOW THAT WE CAN GET LACE FROM ENGLAND AGAIN WELL, I WON'T BE NEEDING ANY MORE OF YOUR BOBBIN LACE!


SHE FOUND TEMPORARY WORK TEACHING GREEK AND LATIN TO THREE MINISTRY STUDENTS...
ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS
ONE DAY, A LETTER ARRIVED.
MY SISTER, ELIZABETH ILL AND IN NEED OF MONEY! B-BUT, WHAT CAN I DO? I'M DESPERATE MYSELF
I WONDER IF I COULD SELL. BUT NO WOMEN DON'T HAVE BOOKS PUBLISHED! AT LEAST, NOT YET THEY HAVEN'T. I WONDER.
THE IDEA TOOK HOLD. HANNAH WORKED FEVERISHLY TO FINISH HER BOOK. AND IN 1784, SHE BECAME THE FIRST PUBLISHED WOMAN AUTHOR IN THE U.S.!
DICTIONARY OF RELIGIONS
By HANNAH ADAMS
ION Corrected.
THE BOOK STARTED A STORM OF CONTROVERSY!
A FEMALE AUTHOR? I'LL BE HANGED IF I'LL READ IT!
BUT YOU MUST ADMIT SHE TRIES TO BE FAIR TO ALL RELIGIONS!
HMMPH! DEVOTING ALL THAT SPACE TO HEATHENS
HANNAH'S BOOK WAS HAILED AT LAST AS THE FIRST HONEST AND UNPREJUDICED ACCOUNT OF THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS! IT WAS FOLLOWED BY A HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND... EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY... HISTORY OF THE JEWS...
HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND HANNAH ADAMS
EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY H.ADAMS.
HISTORY OF THE JEWS H.ADAMS


ONE DAY, WHILE HANNAH WAS ABSORBED IN HER WORK.
THE PRINT IT'S ALL BLURRY I—I CAN'T SEE!
YOU'VE STRAINED YOUR EYES, MISS ADAMS, READING ALL THOSE OLD NEWSPAPERS AND DOCUMENTS!
BUT I MUST, DR JEFFRIES, FOR MY WORK! EVEN IF IT MEANS I SHALL GO BLIND!
BUT FAME, STRANGELY ENOUGH, DID NOT BRING FORTUNE TO HANNAH! UNTIL, ONE DAY IN 1809.
WHAT IS IT, HANNAH?
THIS LETTER I JUST RECEIVED I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!
SOME DEAR FRIENDS WELL-KNOWN LITERARY PEOPLE HAVE SETTLED A LIFE ANNUITY ON ME -- IN RECOGNITION OF MY SERVICES
LATER, THESE SAME LITERARY FRIENDS INVITED HANNAH TO BOSTON. THE FOUNDER OF THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM OPENED ITS DOORS TO HER, AND SHE SPENT HER REMAINING YEARS AMONG THE BOOKS SHE LOVED SO WELL!
FRIENDS ERECTED A FITTING MONUMENT TO THE WOMAN WHO GAVE HER LIFE TO THE CAUSE OF TOLERANCE
TO HANNAH ADAMS HISTORIAN OF THE JEWS AND REVIEWER OF CHRISTIAN SECTS DIED NOV 15, 1831 AGED 76
MANY DECADES HAVE PASSED SINCE HANNAH ADAMS DIED, BUT INTOLERANCE OF SECT FOR SECT, RACE FOR RACE, NATION FOR NATION, STILL EXISTS!
MORE THAN EVER TODAY, AS WE FACE THE TREMENDOUS POSTWAR TASK OF RECONCILING ALL NATIONS ON EARTH, WE NEED THE GUIDING INSPIRATION OF THIS WONDER WOMAN OF THE UNDERSTANDING HEART!


Lookie! Lookie!
Get These Life-like Hot-Iron Transfers
AS PRIZES
In Kellogg's Shredded Wheat
JUST PRESS ON ANY ARTICLE OF CLOTHING WITH A HOT IRON
Large-size transfers! They measure up to 4½ in. by 2½ in.
ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT
Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

2 New Series!
Wild Animals! Dogs!

Boy, oh, boy! Will you be the envy of the other kids when you show 'em these hot-iron transfer prizes you can get in Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT! Rampant lions! Snarling tigers! Charging elephants! Other action pictures of wild jungle animals! And popular breeds of dogs! Pointers! Cockers! Terriers! Transfers are large-size — measure up to 4½ inches by 2½ inches!

EASY TO APPLY. Just have Mom press your transfers on any article of clothing with a hot iron. They come off sharp and clear. Long-lasting. Stand up through many washings.

EASY TO GET. You get one transfer as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT. You send no money, no box tops. Your prize is *right in the package*. Tell the other folks in your family how extra delicious, how downright nutritious, this 100% whole-wheat cereal is. Watch 'em help you add to your collection in a hurry! Ask Mom to buy Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT!

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Popsicle* Fudgicle* CREAMSICLE*

These Bags Must Read "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp." and Must Also Say "Save These Bags for Gifts."
No Other Bags Are Good For These Prizes.

*TRADE MARK REG. STERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

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ONLY 5 BAGS AND A NICKEL

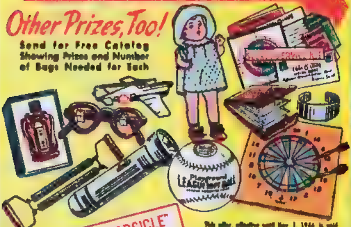
Hours of fun playing games and having contests. Bub-Blo makes big, colorful bubbles that fly. Real big, colorful bubbles that fly. Just wave the wand and bounce ... or blow gently thru either of the ring formed ends. You get enough Bub Blo to make millions of bubbles. Wand included

PLAY GAMES
WIZARD
BUB-BLO

Any Of These Special Prizes—YOURS for Only 5 BAGS and A Nickel!

Other Prizes, Too!

Send for Free Catalog Showing Prizes and Number of Bags Needed for Each



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SEND BAGS to "POPSICLE" SERVICE DEPARTMENT

New York 1, N. Y., 601 W. 26th Street
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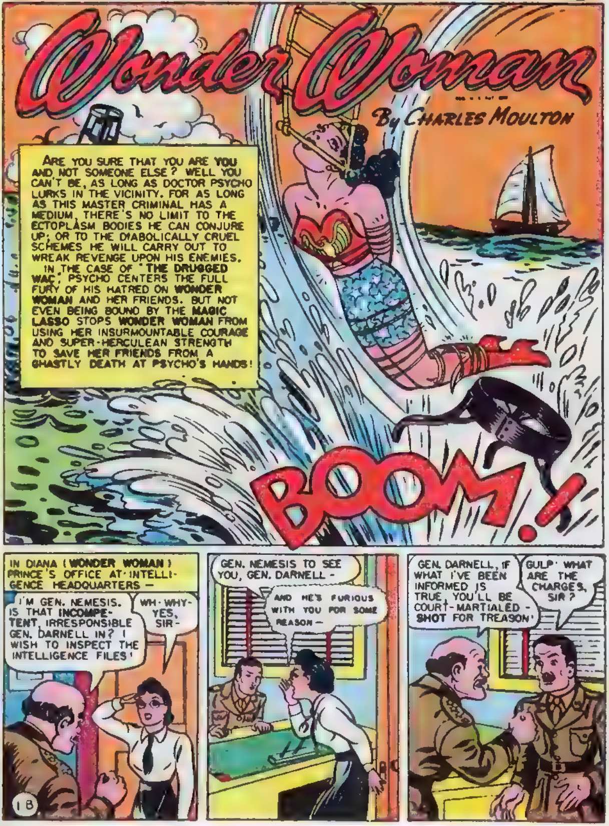
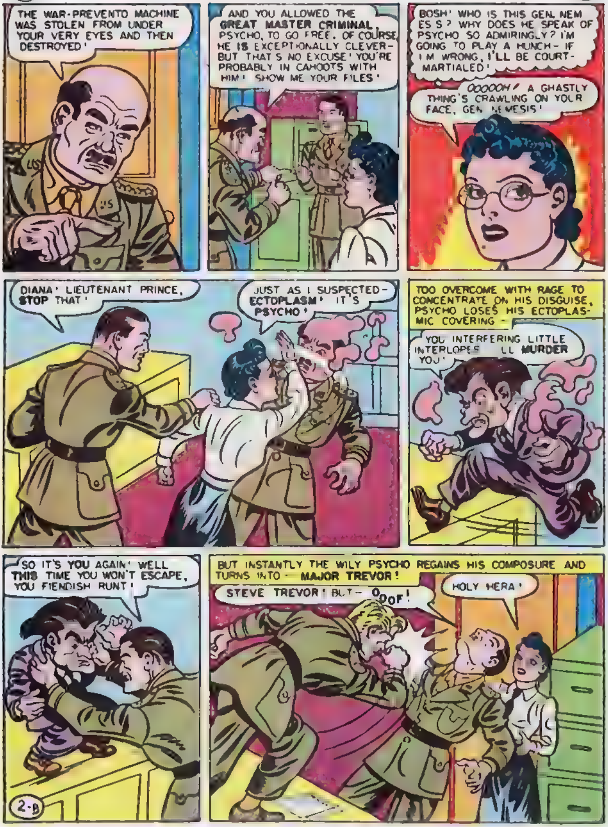
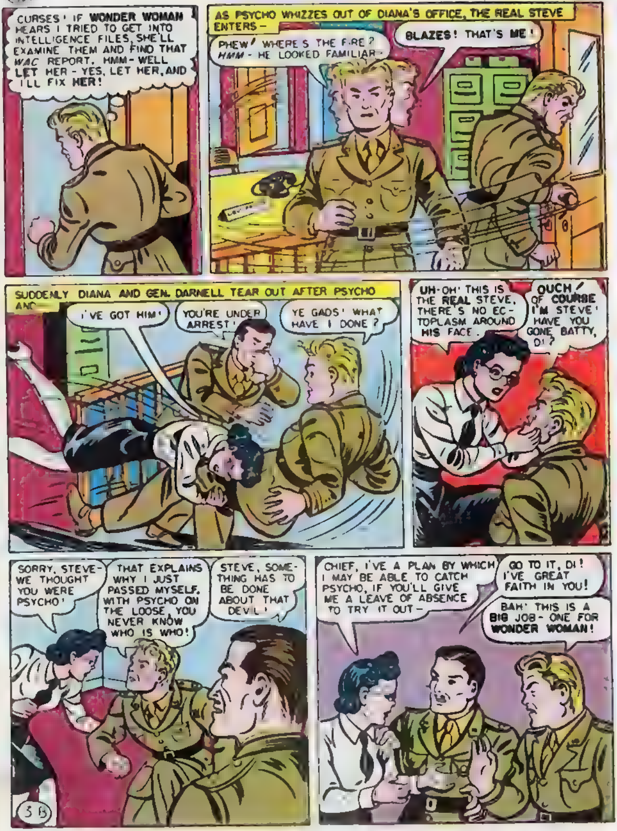
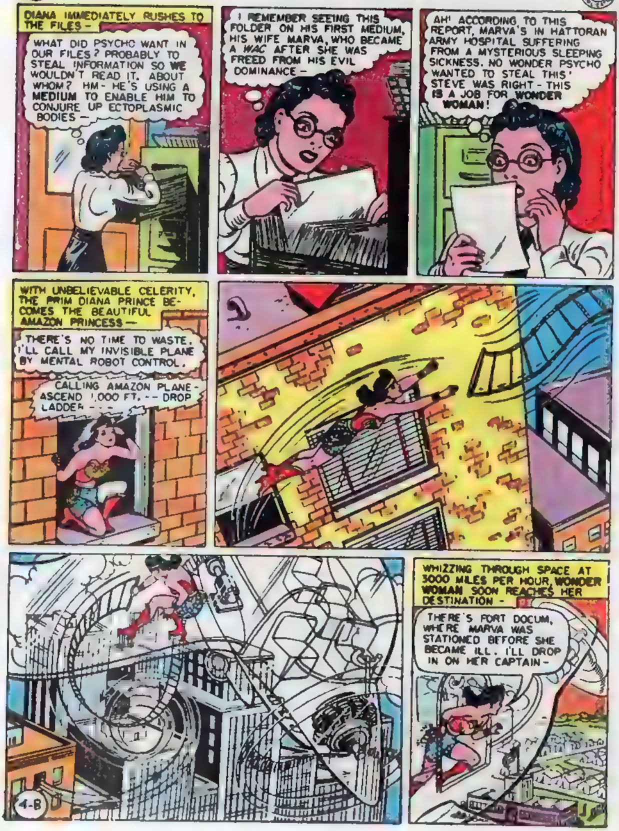
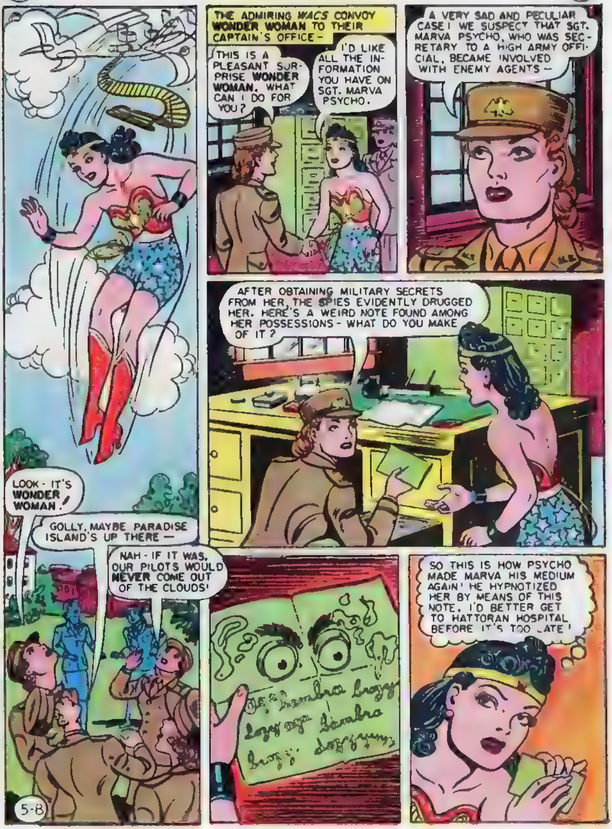
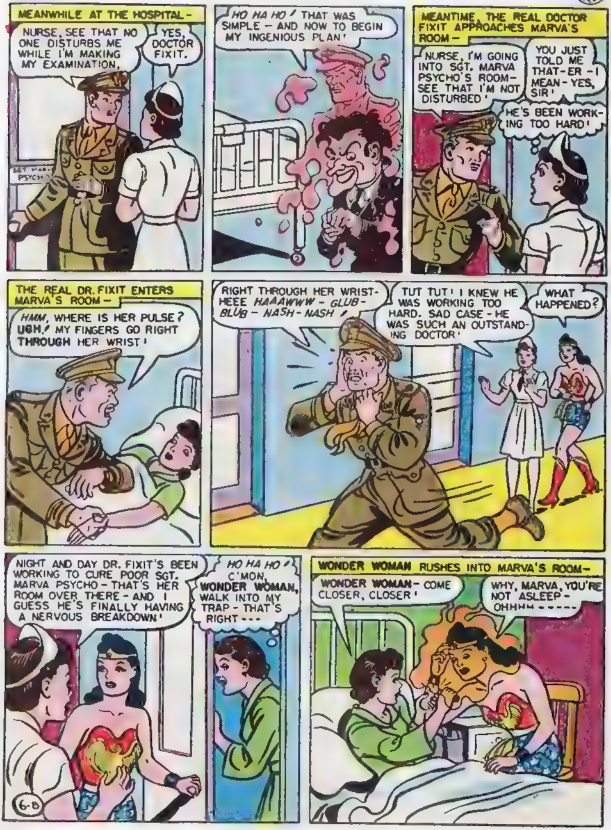

Wonder Woman
By CHARLES MOULTON
ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE YOU AND NOT SOMEONE ELSE? WELL YOU CAN'T BE, AS LONG AS DOCTOR PSYCHO LURKS IN THE VICINITY. FOR AS LONG AS THIS MASTER CRIMINAL HAS A MEDIUM, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THE ECTOPLASM BODIES HE CAN CONJURE UP; OR TO THE DIABOLICALLY CRUEL SCHEMES HE WILL CARRY OUT TO WREAK REVENGE UPON HIS ENEMIES. IN THE CASE OF "THE DRUGGED WAC", PSYCHO CENTERS THE FULL FURY OF HIS HATRED ON WONDER WOMAN AND HER FRIENDS. BUT NOT EVEN BEING BOUND BY THE MAGIC LASSO STOPS WONDER WOMAN FROM USING HER INSURMOUNTABLE COURAGE AND SUPER-HERCULEAN STRENGTH TO SAVE HER FRIENDS FROM A GHASTLY DEATH AT PSYCHO'S HANDS!
BOOM!!
IN DIANA (WONDER WOMAN) PRINCE'S OFFICE AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS —
I'M GEN. NEMESIS. IS THAT INCOMPETENT, IRRESPONSIBLE GEN. DARNELL IN? I WISH TO INSPECT THE INTELLIGENCE FILES!
WH-WHY-YES, SIR-
GEN. NEMESIS TO SEE YOU, GEN. DARNELL -
AND HE'S FURIOUS WITH YOU FOR SOME REASON -
GEN. DARNELL, IF WHAT I'VE BEEN INFORMED IS TRUE, YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED - SHOT FOR TREASON!
GULP! WHAT ARE THE CHARGES, SIR?

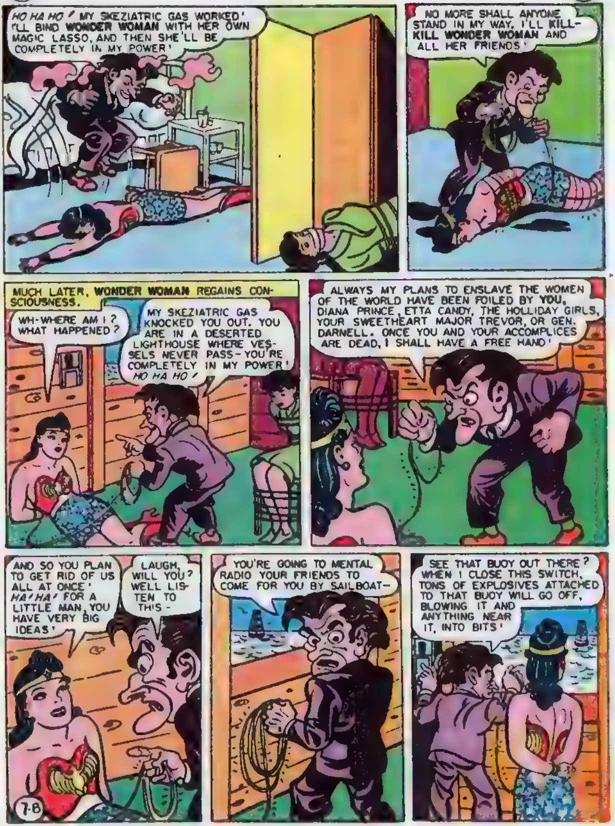

THE WAR-PREVENTO MACHINE WAS STOLEN FROM UNDER YOUR VERY EYES AND THEN DESTROYED!
AND YOU ALLOWED THE GREAT MASTER CRIMINAL, PSYCHO, TO GO FREE. OF COURSE HE IS EXCEPTIONALLY CLEVER-BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE! YOU'RE PROBABLY IN CAHOOTS WITH HIM! SHOW ME YOUR FILES!
BOSH! WHO IS THIS GEN. NEMESIS? WHY DOES HE SPEAK OF PSYCHO SO ADMIRINGLY? I'M GOING TO PLAY A HUNCH- IF I'M WRONG, I'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED!
OOOOOH! A GHASTLY THING'S CRAWLING ON YOUR FACE, GEN. NEMESIS!
DIANA! LIEUTENANT PRINCE, STOP THAT!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED- ECTOPLASM! IT'S PSYCHO!
TOO OVERCOME WITH RAGE TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS DISGUISE, PSYCHO LOSES HIS ECTOPLASMIC COVERING -
YOU INTERFERING LITTLE INTERLOPERS! I'LL MURDER YOU!
SO IT'S YOU AGAIN! WELL THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE, YOU FIENDISH RUNT!
2-8
BUT INSTANTLY THE WILY PSYCHO REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE AND TURNS INTO - MAJOR TREVOR!
STEVE TREVOR! BUT- OOOF!
HOLY HERA!

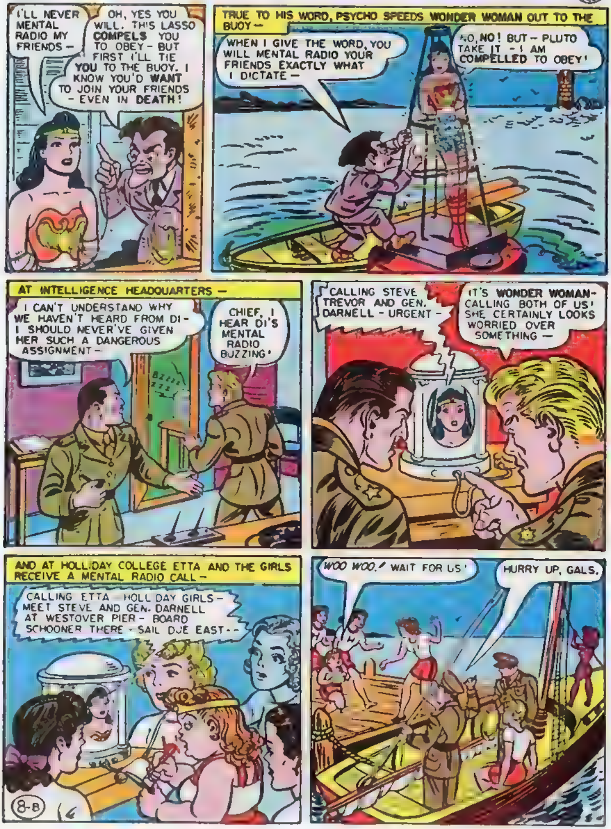

CURSES! IF **WONDER WOMAN** HEARS I TRIED TO GET INTO INTELLIGENCE FILES, SHE'LL EXAMINE THEM AND FIND THAT *WAC* REPORT. HMM-WELL **LET** HER - YES, LET HER, AND I'LL FIX **HER**!
AS PSYCHO WHIZZES OUT OF DIANA'S OFFICE, THE REAL STEVE ENTERS—
PHEW! WHERE'S THE FIRE? *HMM* - HE LOOKED FAMILIAR-
BLAZES! THAT'S **ME**!
SUDDENLY DIANA AND GEN. DARNELL TEAR OUT AFTER PSYCHO AND—
I'VE GOT HIM!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
YE GADS! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
UH-OH! THIS IS THE **REAL** STEVE. THERE'S NO EC-TOPLASM AROUND **HIS** FACE.
OUCH! OF **COURSE** I'M STEVE! HAVE YOU GONE BATTY, DI?
SORRY, STEVE-WE THOUGHT YOU WERE PSYCHO!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY I JUST PASSED MYSELF. WITH PSYCHO ON THE LOOSE, YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO!
STEVE, SOME-THING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT DEVIL!
3 B
CHIEF, I'VE A PLAN BY WHICH I MAY BE ABLE TO CATCH PSYCHO, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO TRY IT OUT—
GO TO IT, DI! I'VE GREAT FAITH IN YOU!
BAH! THIS IS A **BIG JOB** - ONE FOR **WONDER WOMAN**!

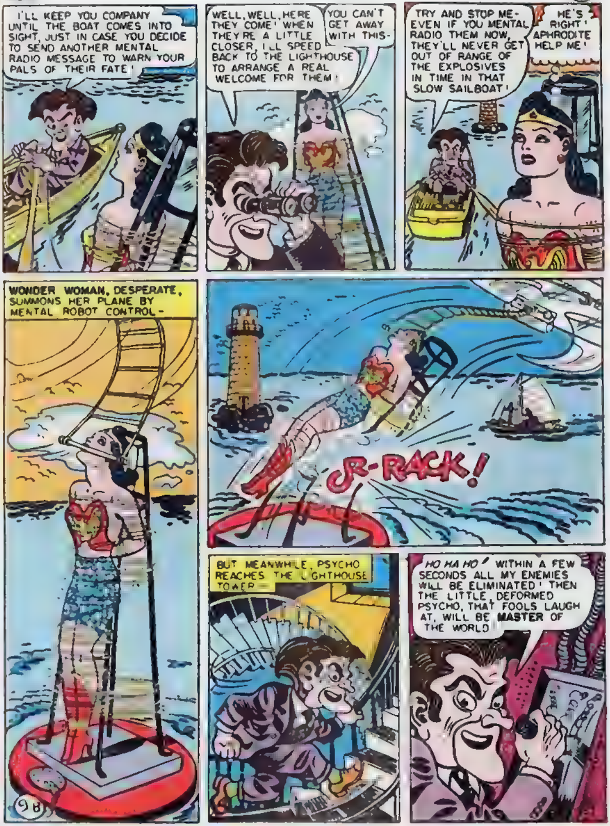

DIANA IMMEDIATELY RUSHES TO THE FILES –
WHAT DID PSYCHO WANT IN OUR FILES? PROBABLY TO STEAL INFORMATION SO **WE** WOULDN'T READ IT. ABOUT WHOM? HM – HE'S USING A **MEDIUM** TO ENABLE HIM TO CONJURE UP ECTOPLASMIC BODIES –
I REMEMBER SEEING THIS FOLDER ON HIS FIRST MEDIUM, HIS WIFE MARVA, WHO BECAME A *WAC* AFTER SHE WAS FREED FROM HIS EVIL DOMINANCE –
AH! ACCORDING TO THIS REPORT, MARVA'S IN HATTORAN ARMY HOSPITAL SUFFERING FROM A MYSTERIOUS SLEEPING SICKNESS. NO WONDER PSYCHO WANTED TO STEAL THIS! STEVE WAS RIGHT – THIS IS A JOB FOR **WONDER WOMAN**!
WITH UNBELIEVABLE CELERITY, THE PRIM DIANA PRINCE BECOMES THE BEAUTIFUL AMAZON PRINCESS –
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE. I'LL CALL MY INVISIBLE PLANE BY MENTAL ROBOT CONTROL.
CALLING AMAZON PLANE – ASCEND 1,000 FT. – – DROP LADDER – – –
WHIZZING THROUGH SPACE AT 3000 MILES PER HOUR, **WONDER WOMAN** SOON REACHES HER DESTINATION –
THERE'S FORT DOCUM, WHERE MARVA WAS STATIONED BEFORE SHE BECAME ILL. I'LL DROP IN ON HER CAPTAIN –
4-B

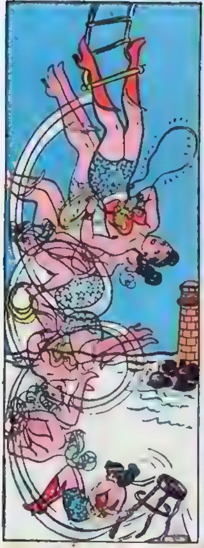

THE ADMIRING WACS CONVOY WONDER WOMAN TO THEIR CAPTAIN'S OFFICE –
THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE WONDER WOMAN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE ALL THE INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON SGT. MARVA PSYCHO.
A VERY SAD AND PECULIAR CASE! WE SUSPECT THAT SGT. MARVA PSYCHO, WHO WAS SECRETARY TO A HIGH ARMY OFFICIAL, BECAME INVOLVED WITH ENEMY AGENTS –
AFTER OBTAINING MILITARY SECRETS FROM HER, THE SPIES EVIDENTLY DRUGGED HER. HERE'S A WEIRD NOTE FOUND AMONG HER POSSESSIONS – WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
LOOK – IT'S WONDER WOMAN!
GOLLY, MAYBE PARADISE ISLAND'S UP THERE —
NAH – IF IT WAS, OUR PILOTS WOULD NEVER COME OUT OF THE CLOUDS!
SO THIS IS HOW PSYCHO MADE MARVA HIS MEDIUM AGAIN! HE HYPNOTIZED HER BY MEANS OF THIS NOTE. I'D BETTER GET TO HATTORAN HOSPITAL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
5-8

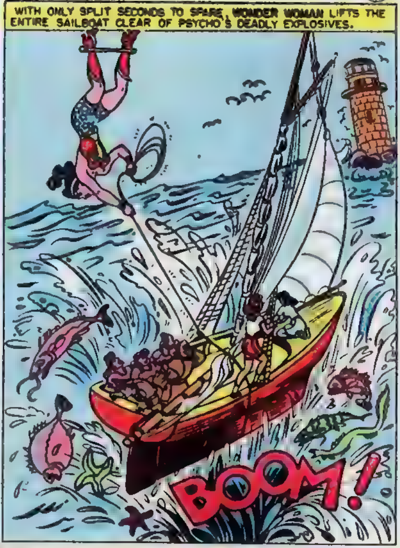

MEANWHILE AT THE HOSPITAL -
NURSE, SEE THAT NO ONE DISTURBS ME WHILE I'M MAKING MY EXAMINATION,
YES, DOCTOR FIXIT.
HO HA HO! THAT WAS SIMPLE — AND NOW TO BEGIN MY INGENIOUS PLAN!
MEANTIME, THE REAL DOCTOR FIXIT APPROACHES MARVA'S ROOM —
NURSE, I'M GOING INTO SGT. MARVA PSYCHO'S ROOM— SEE THAT I'M NOT DISTURBED!
YOU JUST TOLD ME THAT-ER —I MEAN- YES, SIR!
HE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!
THE REAL DR. FIXIT ENTERS MARVA'S ROOM —
HMM, WHERE IS HER PULSE? UGH! MY FINGERS GO RIGHT THROUGH HER WRIST!
RIGHT THROUGH HER WRIST- HEEE HAAAWWW - GLUB-BLUB - NASH-NASH!
TUT TUT! I KNEW HE WAS WORKING TOO HARD. SAD CASE - HE WAS SUCH AN OUTSTANDING DOCTOR!
WHAT HAPPENED?
NIGHT AND DAY DR. FIXIT'S BEEN WORKING TO CURE POOR SGT. MARVA PSYCHO - THAT'S HER ROOM OVER THERE - AND I GUESS HE'S FINALLY HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!
HO HA HO! C'MON, WONDER WOMAN, WALK INTO MY TRAP - THAT'S RIGHT ---
6-B
WONDER WOMAN RUSHES INTO MARVA'S ROOM—
WONDER WOMAN - COME CLOSER, CLOSER!
WHY, MARVA, YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP - OHHHH -----

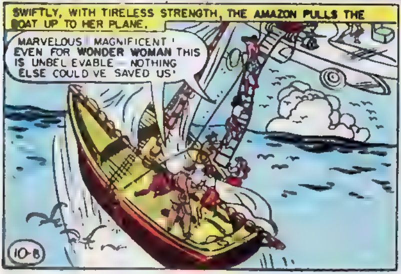

HO HA HO! MY SKEZIATRIC GAS WORKED! I'LL BIND **WONDER WOMAN** WITH HER OWN MAGIC LASSO, AND THEN SHE'LL BE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER!
NO MORE SHALL ANYONE STAND IN MY WAY. I'LL KILL-KILL **WONDER WOMAN** AND ALL HER FRIENDS!
MUCH LATER, **WONDER WOMAN** REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.
WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
MY SKEZIATRIC GAS KNOCKED YOU OUT. YOU ARE IN A DESERTED LIGHTHOUSE WHERE VESSELS NEVER PASS-YOU'RE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER! *HO HA HO!*
ALWAYS MY PLANS TO ENSLAVE THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN FOILED BY **YOU**, DIANA PRINCE, ETTA CANDY, THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS, YOUR SWEETHEART MAJOR TREVOR, OR GEN. DARNELL. ONCE YOU AND YOUR ACCOMPLICES ARE DEAD, I SHALL HAVE A FREE HAND!
AND SO YOU PLAN TO GET RID OF US ALL AT ONCE! *HA! HA!* FOR A LITTLE MAN, YOU HAVE VERY BIG IDEAS!
LAUGH, WILL YOU? WELL LISTEN TO THIS-
7-8
YOU'RE GOING TO MENTAL RADIO YOUR FRIENDS TO COME FOR YOU BY SAILBOAT-
SEE THAT BUOY OUT THERE? WHEN I CLOSE THIS SWITCH, TONS OF EXPLOSIVES ATTACHED TO THAT BUOY WILL GO OFF, BLOWING IT AND ANYTHING NEAR IT, INTO BITS!

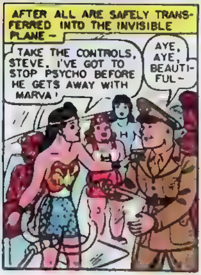

I'LL NEVER MENTAL RADIO MY FRIENDS –
OH, YES YOU WILL. THIS LASSO **COMPELS** YOU TO OBEY – BUT FIRST I'LL TIE **YOU** TO THE BUOY. I KNOW YOU'D **WANT** TO JOIN YOUR FRIENDS – EVEN IN **DEATH**!
TRUE TO HIS WORD, PSYCHO SPEEDS WONDER WOMAN OUT TO THE BUOY –
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, YOU WILL MENTAL RADIO YOUR FRIENDS EXACTLY WHAT I DICTATE –
NO, **NO**! BUT – PLUTO TAKE IT – I AM **COMPELLED** TO OBEY!
AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS –
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM DI – I SHOULD NEVER'VE GIVEN HER SUCH A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT –
CHIEF, I HEAR DI'S MENTAL RADIO BUZZING!
BZZZZ ZZZ
CALLING STEVE TREVOR AND GEN. DARNELL – URGENT –
IT'S **WONDER WOMAN** – CALLING BOTH OF US! SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS WORRIED OVER SOMETHING –
AND AT HOLLIDAY COLLEGE ETTA AND THE GIRLS RECEIVE A MENTAL RADIO CALL –
CALLING ETTA – HOLLIDAY GIRLS – MEET STEVE AND GEN. DARNELL AT WESTOVER PIER – BOARD SCHOONER THERE – SAIL DUE EAST – –
8-B
WOO WOO! WAIT FOR US!
HURRY UP, GALS.

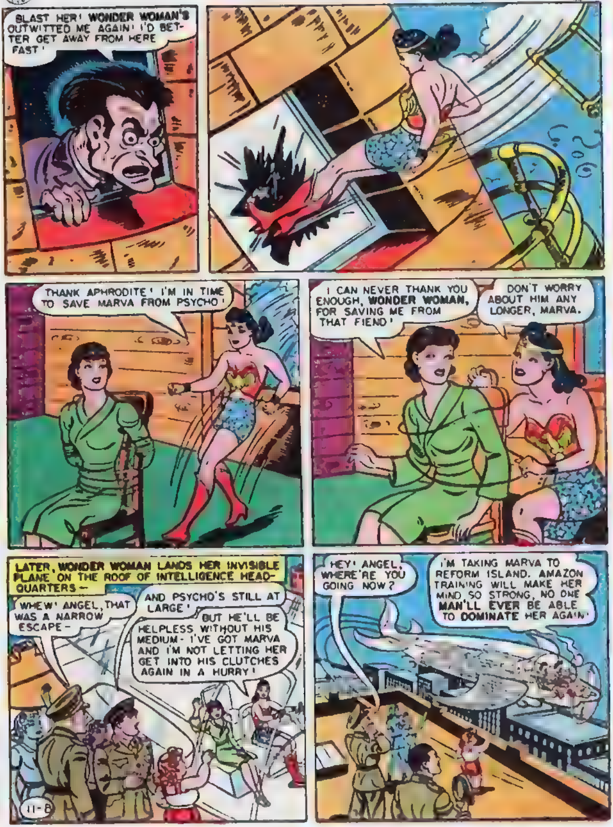

I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY UNTIL THE BOAT COMES INTO SIGHT, JUST IN CASE YOU DECIDE TO SEND ANOTHER MENTAL RADIO MESSAGE TO WARN YOUR PALS OF THEIR FATE!
WELL, WELL, HERE THEY COME! WHEN THEY'RE A LITTLE CLOSER, I'LL SPEED BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE TO ARRANGE A REAL WELCOME FOR THEM!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—
TRY AND STOP ME—EVEN IF YOU MENTAL RADIO THEM NOW, THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF RANGE OF THE EXPLOSIVES IN TIME IN THAT SLOW SAILBOAT!
HE'S RIGHT! APHRODITE HELP ME!
WONDER WOMAN, DESPERATE, SUMMONS HER PLANE BY MENTAL ROBOT CONTROL—
CR-RACK!
BUT MEANWHILE, PSYCHO REACHES THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER—
HO HA HO! WITHIN A FEW SECONDS ALL MY ENEMIES WILL BE ELIMINATED! THEN THE LITTLE, DEFORMED PSYCHO, THAT FOOLS LAUGH AT, WILL BE MASTER OF THE WORLD!

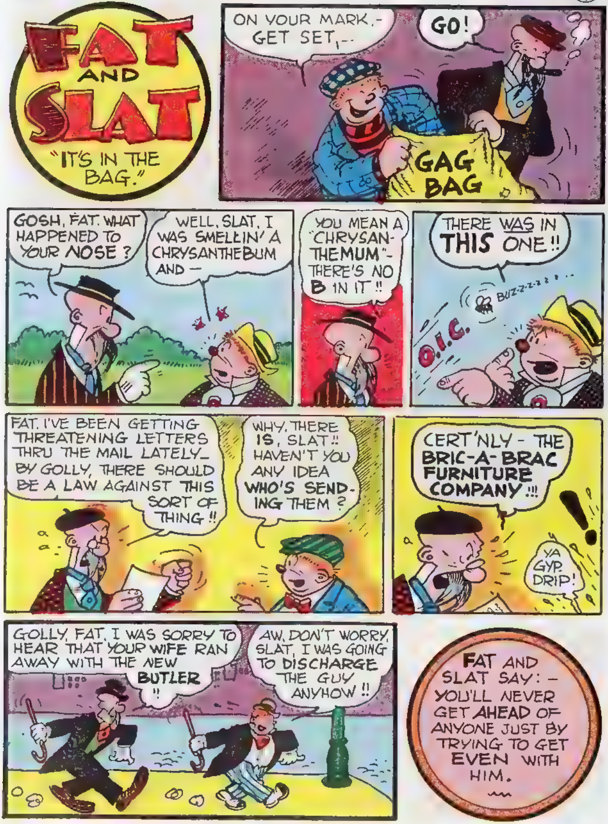



WITH ONLY SPLIT SECONDS TO SPARE, WONDER WOMAN LIFTS THE ENTIRE SAILBOAT CLEAR OF PSYCHO'S DEADLY EXPLOSIVES.
BOOM!


SWIFTLY, WITH TIRELESS STRENGTH, THE AMAZON PULLS THE BOAT UP TO HER PLANE.
MARVELOUS! MAGNIFICENT! EVEN FOR WONDER WOMAN THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE — NOTHING ELSE COULD'VE SAVED US!
10-8


AFTER ALL ARE SAFELY TRANSFERRED INTO THE INVISIBLE PLANE —
TAKE THE CONTROLS, STEVE. I'VE GOT TO STOP PSYCHO BEFORE HE GETS AWAY WITH MARVA!
AYE, AYE, BEAUTIFUL—


BLAST HER! WONDER WOMAN'S OUTWITTED ME AGAIN! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!
THANK APHRODITE! I'M IN TIME TO SAVE MARVA FROM PSYCHO!
I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, WONDER WOMAN, FOR SAVING ME FROM THAT FIEND!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM ANY LONGER, MARVA.
LATER, WONDER WOMAN LANDS HER INVISIBLE PLANE ON THE ROOF OF INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS —
WHEW! ANGEL, THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE —
AND PSYCHO'S STILL AT LARGE!
BUT HE'LL BE HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS MEDIUM - I'VE GOT MARVA AND I'M NOT LETTING HER GET INTO HIS CLUTCHES AGAIN IN A HURRY!
11-8
HEY! ANGEL, WHERE'RE YOU GOING NOW?
I'M TAKING MARVA TO REFORM ISLAND. AMAZON TRAINING WILL MAKE HER MIND SO STRONG, NO ONE MAN'LL EVER BE ABLE TO DOMINATE HER AGAIN!


FAT AND SLAT
"IT'S IN THE BAG."
ON YOUR MARK,- GET SET,--
GO!
GAG BAG
GOSH, FAT. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR NOSE?
WELL, SLAT, I WAS SMELLIN' A CHRYSANTHEBUM AND —
YOU MEAN A "CHRYSANTHEMUM"- THERE'S NO B IN IT!!
THERE WAS IN THIS ONE!!
BUZ-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z . . .
O.I.C.
FAT. I'VE BEEN GETTING THREATENING LETTERS THRU THE MAIL LATELY_ BY GOLLY, THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING!!
WHY, THERE IS, SLAT!! HAVEN'T YOU ANY IDEA WHO'S SENDING THEM?
CERT'NLY - THE BRIC-A-BRAC FURNITURE COMPANY!!!
YA GYP. DRIP!
GOLLY, FAT. I WAS SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOUR WIFE RAN AWAY WITH THE NEW BUTLER!!
AW, DON'T WORRY, SLAT, I WAS GOING TO DISCHARGE THE GUY ANYHOW!!
FAT AND SLAT SAY: - YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD OF ANYONE JUST BY TRYING TO GET EVEN WITH HIM.

Unlucky Star

by

LYNNE LOVELACE

THAT day when Milda Lord almost got killed on the set, I won't forget in a hurry, I can tell you, for more reasons than one!

You may remember Milda Lord as one of the big stars of ten years ago. She was one of those actresses you wondered "what happened to—" That is, until last year, when Jerry Halliday, the producer, signed her up for a two-year contract. Jerry Halliday is a small-time producer, and Milda Lord, even if she was an old-timer, was the biggest "name" Jerry had ever signed. I guess he thought her name would bring publicity to Spot Studios, where he produced his pictures.

It did, all right, but in a way he didn't quite like.

The picture we were shooting then was called "Lady for a Week," with Milda Lord, of course, in the lead. She was nervous and having trouble with her lines. One thing an extra doesn't have to worry about is remembering her lines. I had exactly one: *"Dinner is served, Ma'am."* It was just after I spoke my line that it happened.

I don't know what made me look up. It's just one of those things. You know, the way you turn around suddenly sometimes and find someone staring at you. Well, after I spoke my line, the camera panned away from me toward Milda Lord. I'd put everything I had into that line, and I glanced at Jerry Halliday to see if it had had any effect. Wouldn't you know? He hadn't even noticed me! He was watching Milda Lord, as if nobody *else* in the cast could act worth a tin dime!

Then that something, whatever it was, made me look up. A huge arc lamp was coming loose from its moorings! I rushed toward Milda Lord and pushed her down. I fell down, too, and we rolled a few yards before we stopped. I heard a deafening crash. When I caught my breath enough to get up, I saw the smashed arc lamp on the floor in the exact spot where the star had been standing!

As for Milda Lord, she was lying just where she had fallen, having hysterics. "They're trying to kill me!" she was screaming. "It's a scheme! Someone's trying to murder me!" Jerry Halliday, the producer, tried to quiet her; and all the others crooned at her like she was a baby.

I'm not complaining, mind you. An extra can't expect much attention. It's just that, after risking your life to save Milda Lord's, you'd think someone, just *someone*, would ask you: "Are you okay?"

I went over and sat down in a chair, and waited.

When they got Milda Lord onto a couch and she calmed down a little, the producer, Jerry Halliday—who was also directing this show—yelled up at the "juicer," whose job it had been to operate the arc lamp that had fallen.

"Come down here, you!" Halliday yelled.

The "juicer" climbed down off the parallel. He was pale as a ghost, and trembling. It was Tom Weavers. Tom is a friend of mine.

"What's the matter with you?" Halliday shouted. "Do you realize that your carelessness might have resutled in Milda Lord's death?"

"I didn't set up the lamp, Mr. Halliday. That's the riggers' job!" Tom defended himself. "I just operate the lamp. How was I to know it wasn't tied on right?"

But Jerry Halliday was too furious to listen. He ordered Tom off the lot, and ordered him never to report for work on one of his pictures again. The cast was dismissed for the day. When Tom walked off the set, he was still grumbling about the "rigger" who'd set up that lamp.

The big story broke next day. Milda Lord had been found dead by a servant in the rock garden of her home. She had fainted and struck her head against a stone, the blow killing her instantly. At least, that's what the paper said!

I remembered, suddenly, Milda Lord's screaming that someone was trying to kill her. Had there been something in it, after all? It might have been coincidence that Milda Lord had fainted and struck her head hard enough to be killed, shortly after a heavy arc lamp had narrowly missed falling on her! Yes, it *might* have been coincidence, or it might have been *murder!*

Anyway, it was no business of mine. With the death of his star, Jerry Halliday had stopped production. So I was out of a job.

I decided to go see Halliday and remind him of what I'd done on the set that day. Maybe he'd give me a break on his next picture. When I got on the set, "strikers" were already at work tearing it down. In the midst of the turmoil, Jerry Halliday sat studying a script.

It was over all too soon! Halliday was so absorbed in his script he would hardly listen. He promised to "keep me in mind" for his next production, but I got the feeling he didn't mean it. He kept moving about as he spoke, and once or twice his hand rubbed against some odd little burns on his right forearm. It was impossible to get his full attention!

I went out again, feeling pretty low.

I was glad to see Tom Weavers across the street, in a little coffee shop. I sat down at his table.

"Midge," he said, "there's a dirty deal going on!"

"You mean Milda Lord?" I looked at Tom. "I think so, too."

"I got in touch with the rigger who set up that lamp. Got his name from the union that sent him out on the job," Tom explained. "He's an old-timer. I know him personally. He swore to me that he set up that lamp properly; and, knowing George, I believe him!"

That was when I noticed the odd little burns on Tom's forearm. Like those on Jerry Halliday's!

"Tom," I asked, excitedly, "how did you get those burns?"

"Those?" he laughed, pointing at the little crescent-shaped marks. "Oh, from the hot lamps. Why?"

I told him that I'd seen the same marks on Jerry Halliday's forearm. For a minute, we just stared at each other. We knew what that meant. Halliday must have gotten those burns from an arc lamp! It must have been Halliday who'd tampered with that lamp! He must have climbed up on the parallel the previous night, after the grips and riggers had gone home, and removed the nails in the base of the lamp, so that it would fall on Milda Lord during the shooting next day. We both knew Halliday was capable of walking on high parallels; everyone in Hollywood knows his story—how he started in the studios as a technician, worked his way up to assistant director, director, and, finally, producer.

Tom wondered, "But why'd Halliday want to kill her?"

"That's what we're going to find out," I told Tom. I don't know where I found the sudden courage! "You're handy with tools, Tom. You've got to crack a safe!"

Tom just stared. But after a while, he nodded. Our passes took us back through the gates onto the studio lot. Tom managed to pick up the tools he needed in the grip room. Then we hid out in an old storage room till they stopped shooting on all the stages and everyone went home. We waited until ten-thirty. It was dark all over the lot then. Tom's flash helped us find Halliday's office.

It took Tom three-quarters of an hour to crack Halliday's safe. There were seven folders of papers inside. We searched four before we found something: evidence that Halliday, as treasurer of a cosmetics company, had been embezzling funds, and that he needed money to cover his shortages. We couldn't figure where Milda Lord came in till I found the insurance policy.

It was the type policy most studios use, insuring the production of "Lady for a Week" for a half million dollars against the death or illness of its star, Milda Lord!

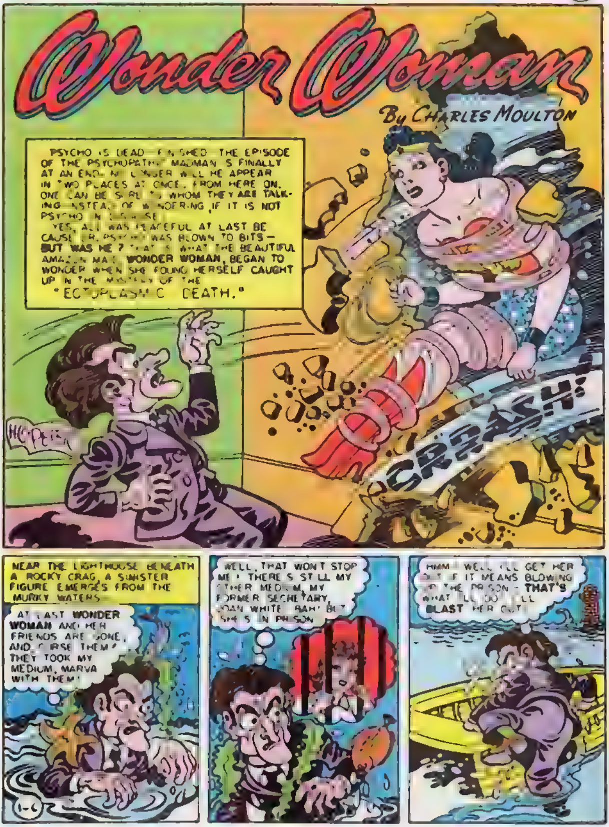
Next morning, I gave those papers and what testimony I had to the District Attorney. They picked up Jerry Halliday a half hour later, and he confessed that he had murdered Milda Lord and made it look like an accident.

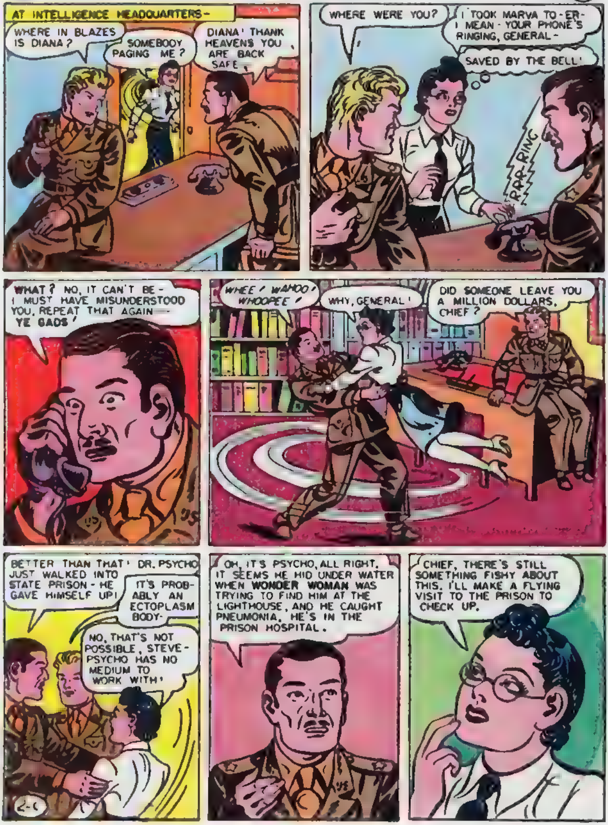
Tom is doing all right now. He's an assistant director.

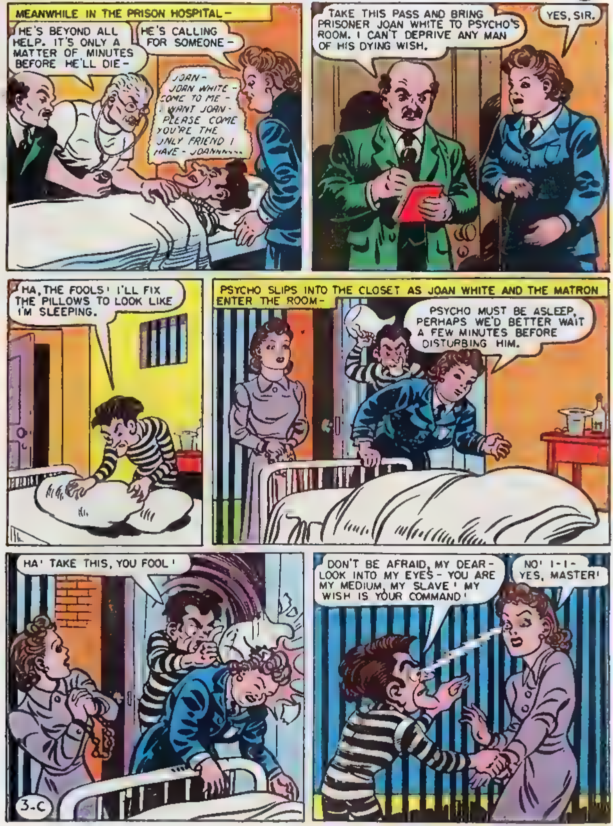
And I finally *did* get some notice. Cosmo Studios just signed me for a series, *"Jean Laird, Girl Detective."*

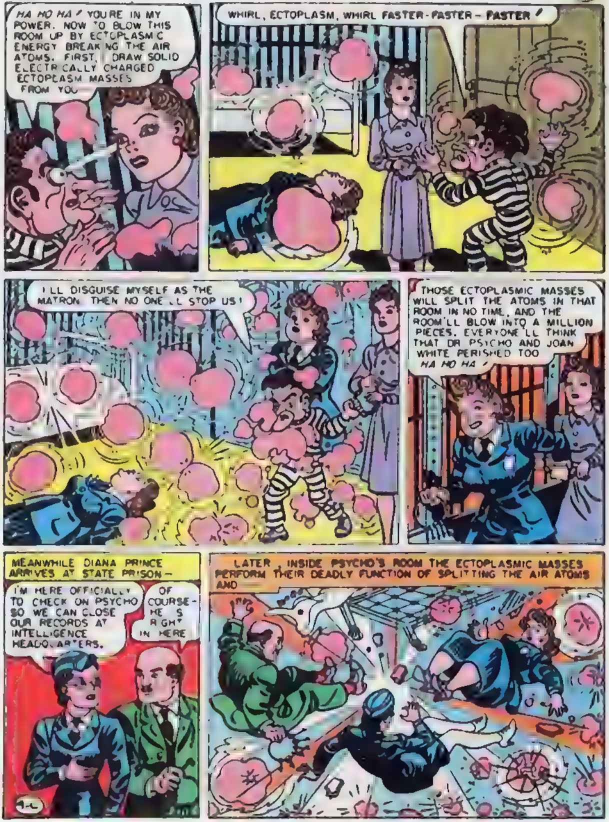
Oh, well, a great dramatic actress has to start some place!

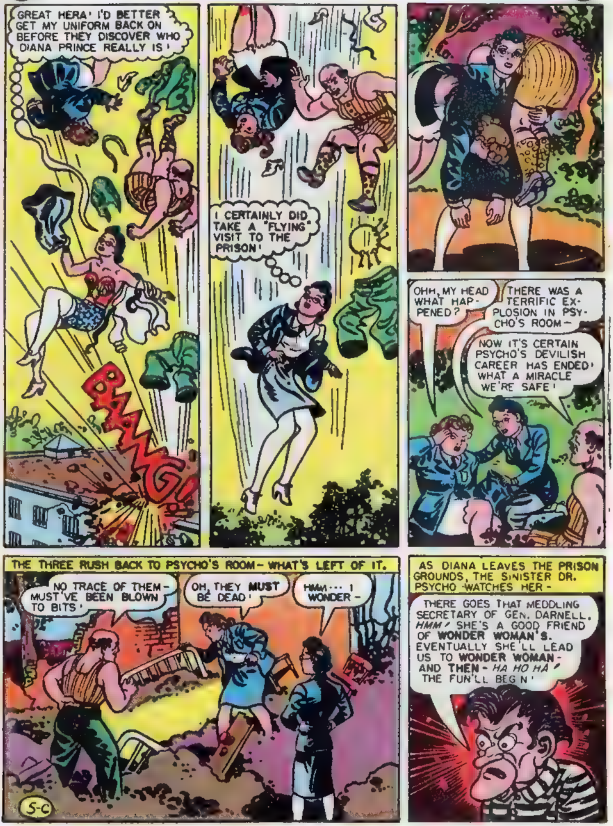
THE END

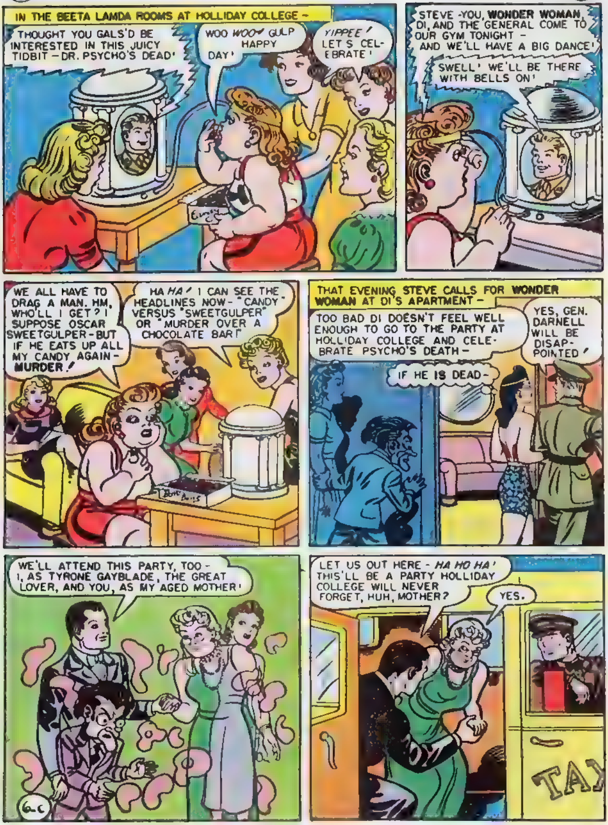

Wonder Woman
By Charles Moulton
PSYCHO IS DEAD—FINISHED. THE EPISODE OF THE PSYCHOPATHIC MADMAN IS FINALLY AT AN END. NO LONGER WILL HE APPEAR IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE. FROM HERE ON, ONE CAN BE SURE TO WHOM THEY ARE TALKING INSTEAD OF WONDERING IF IT IS NOT PSYCHO IN DISGUISE!
YES, ALL WAS PEACEFUL AT LAST BECAUSE DR. PSYCHO WAS BLOWN TO BITS—BUT WAS HE? THAT IS WHAT THE BEAUTIFUL AMAZON MAID, WONDER WOMAN, BEGAN TO WONDER WHEN SHE FOUND HERSELF CAUGHT UP IN THE MYSTERY OF THE "ECTOPLASMIC DEATH."
CRASH!
NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE BENEATH A ROCKY CRAG, A SINISTER FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE MURKY WATERS—
AT LAST WONDER WOMAN AND HER FRIENDS ARE GONE, AND CURSE THEM! THEY TOOK MY MEDIUM, MARVA WITH THEM!
WELL, THAT WON'T STOP ME! THERE'S STILL MY OTHER MEDIUM, MY FORMER SECRETARY, JOAN WHITE. BAH! BUT SHE'S IN PRISON.
HMM! WELL, I'LL GET HER OUT IF IT MEANS BLOWING UP THE PRISON—THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL BLAST HER OUT!

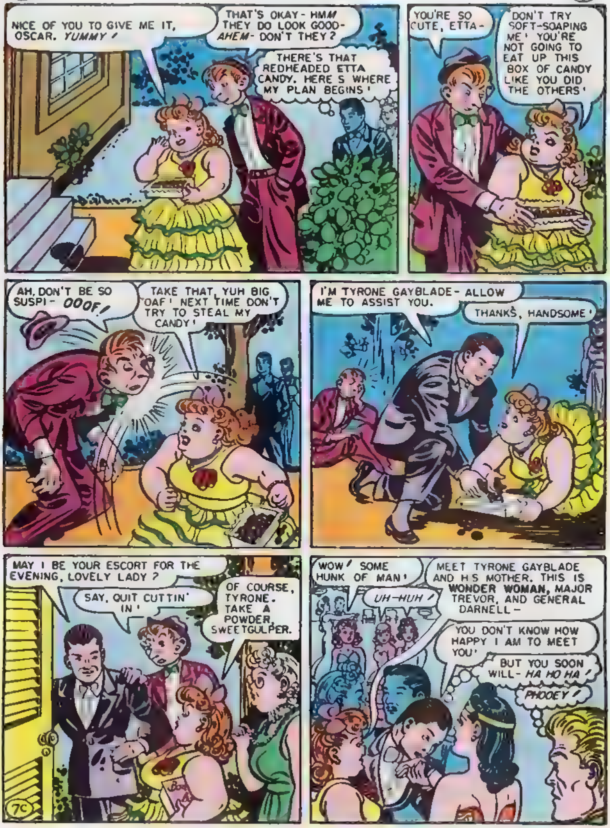

AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS -
WHERE IN BLAZES IS DIANA?
SOMEBODY PAGING ME?
DIANA! THANK HEAVENS YOU ARE BACK SAFE.
WHERE WERE YOU?
I TOOK MARVA TO - ER - I MEAN - YOUR PHONE'S RINGING, GENERAL -
SAVED BY THE BELL!
R-R-R-RING
WHAT? NO, IT CAN'T BE - I MUST HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD YOU, REPEAT THAT AGAIN - YE GADS!
WHEE! WAHOO! WHOOPEE!
WHY, GENERAL!
DID SOMEONE LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS, CHIEF?
BETTER THAN THAT! DR. PSYCHO JUST WALKED INTO STATE PRISON - HE GAVE HIMSELF UP!
IT'S PROBABLY AN ECTOPLASM BODY-
NO, THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, STEVE - PSYCHO HAS NO MEDIUM TO WORK WITH!
OH, IT'S PSYCHO, ALL RIGHT. IT SEEMS HE HID UNDER WATER WHEN WONDER WOMAN WAS TRYING TO FIND HIM AT THE LIGHTHOUSE, AND HE CAUGHT PNEUMONIA. HE'S IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL.
CHIEF, THERE'S STILL SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS. I'LL MAKE A FLYING VISIT TO THE PRISON TO CHECK UP.

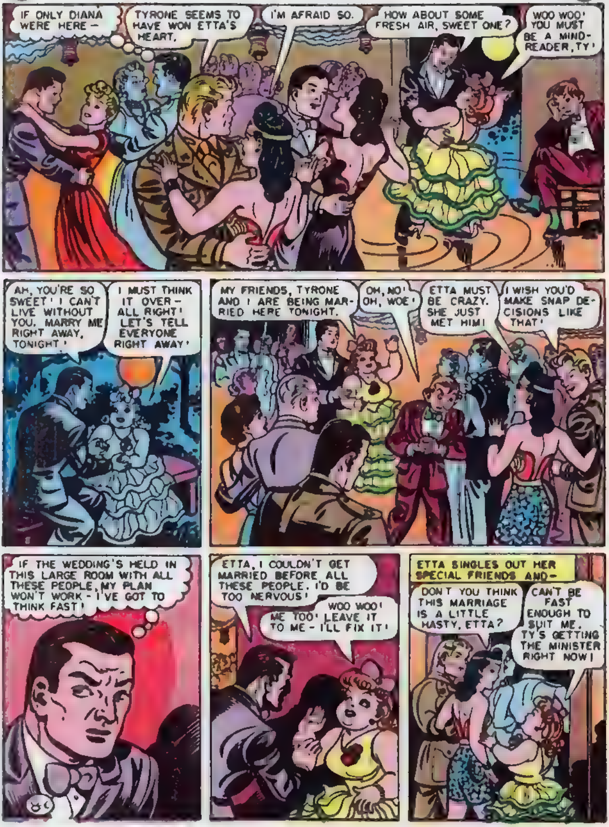

MEANWHILE IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL -
HE'S BEYOND ALL HELP. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE HE'LL DIE -
HE'S CALLING FOR SOMEONE -
JOAN - JOAN WHITE - COME TO ME - I WANT JOAN - PLEASE COME YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE - JOANNNNN...
TAKE THIS PASS AND BRING PRISONER JOAN WHITE TO PSYCHO'S ROOM. I CAN'T DEPRIVE ANY MAN OF HIS DYING WISH.
YES, SIR.
HA, THE FOOLS! I'LL FIX THE PILLOWS TO LOOK LIKE I'M SLEEPING.
PSYCHO SLIPS INTO THE CLOSET AS JOAN WHITE AND THE MATRON ENTER THE ROOM -
PSYCHO MUST BE ASLEEP. PERHAPS WE'D BETTER WAIT A FEW MINUTES BEFORE DISTURBING HIM.
HA! TAKE THIS, YOU FOOL!
3-C
DON'T BE AFRAID, MY DEAR - LOOK INTO MY EYES - YOU ARE MY MEDIUM, MY SLAVE! MY WISH IS YOUR COMMAND!
NO! I-I- YES, MASTER!

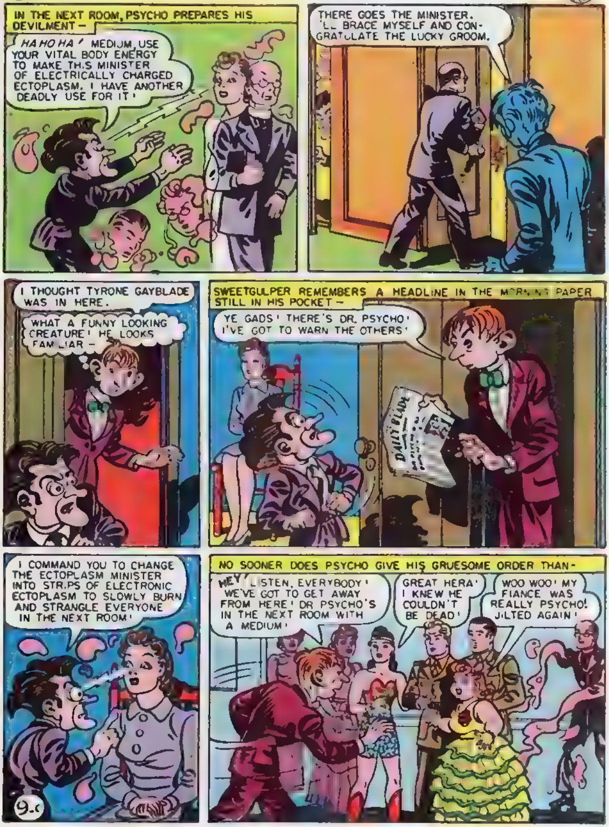

HA HO HA! YOU'RE IN MY POWER. NOW TO BLOW THIS ROOM UP BY ECTOPLASMIC ENERGY BREAKING THE AIR ATOMS. FIRST, I DRAW SOLID ELECTRICALLY CHARGED ECTOPLASM MASSES FROM YOU—
WHIRL, ECTOPLASM, WHIRL FASTER-FASTER-FASTER!
I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS THE MATRON. THEN NO ONE'LL STOP US!
THOSE ECTOPLASMIC MASSES WILL SPLIT THE ATOMS IN THAT ROOM IN NO TIME, AND THE ROOM'LL BLOW INTO A MILLION PIECES. EVERYONE'LL THINK THAT DR PSYCHO AND JOAN WHITE PERISHED TOO HA HO HA!
MEANWHILE DIANA PRINCE ARRIVES AT STATE PRISON—
I'M HERE OFFICIALLY TO CHECK ON PSYCHO SO WE CAN CLOSE OUR RECORDS AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS.
OF COURSE—HE'S RIGHT IN HERE
LATER, INSIDE PSYCHO'S ROOM THE ECTOPLASMIC MASSES PERFORM THEIR DEADLY FUNCTION OF SPLITTING THE AIR ATOMS AND—

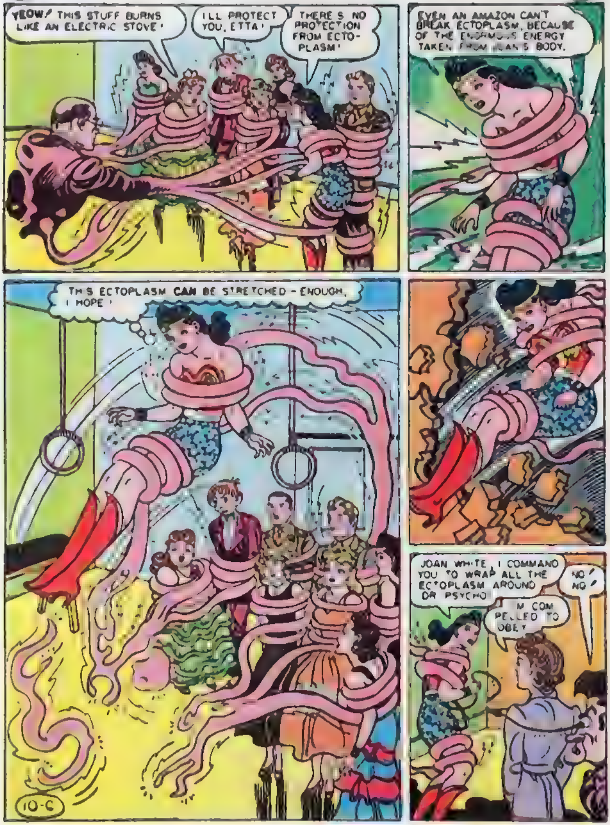

GREAT HERA! I'D BETTER GET MY UNIFORM BACK ON BEFORE THEY DISCOVER WHO DIANA PRINCE REALLY IS!
BAMMG!!
I CERTAINLY DID TAKE A "FLYING" VISIT TO THE PRISON!
OHH, MY HEAD WHAT HAPPENED?
THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN PSYCHO'S ROOM—
NOW IT'S CERTAIN PSYCHO'S DEVILISH CAREER HAS ENDED! WHAT A MIRACLE WE'RE SAFE!
THE THREE RUSH BACK TO PSYCHO'S ROOM—WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.
NO TRACE OF THEM—MUST'VE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!
OH, THEY **MUST** BE DEAD!
HMM... I WONDER—
AS DIANA LEAVES THE PRISON GROUNDS, THE SINISTER DR. PSYCHO WATCHES HER—
THERE GOES THAT MEDDLING SECRETARY OF GEN. DARNELL. *HMM!* SHE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF **WONDER WOMAN'S.** EVENTUALLY SHE'LL LEAD US TO **WONDER WOMAN**—AND **THEN**—*HA HO HA!* THE FUN'LL BEGIN!
5-C

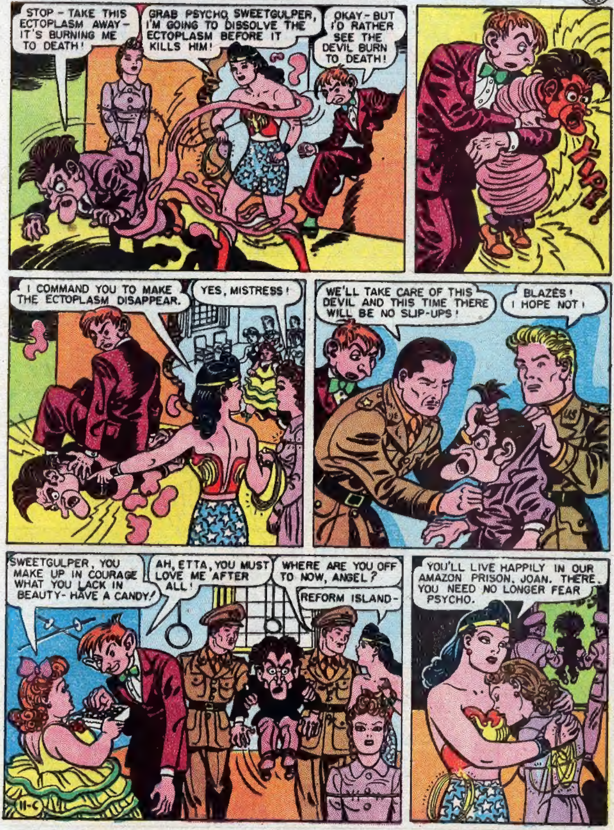

IN THE BEETA LAMDA ROOMS AT HOLLIDAY COLLEGE -
THOUGHT YOU GALS'D BE INTERESTED IN THIS JUICY TIDBIT - DR. PSYCHO'S DEAD!
WOO WOO! GULP HAPPY DAY!
YIPPEE! LET'S CELEBRATE!
STEVE - YOU, WONDER WOMAN, DI, AND THE GENERAL COME TO OUR GYM TONIGHT - AND WE'LL HAVE A BIG DANCE!
SWELL! WE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!
WE ALL HAVE TO DRAG A MAN. HM, WHO'LL I GET? I SUPPOSE OSCAR SWEETGULPER - BUT IF HE EATS UP ALL MY CANDY AGAIN - MURDER!
HA HA! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW - "CANDY VERSUS SWEETGULPER" OR "MURDER OVER A CHOCOLATE BAR!"
THAT EVENING STEVE CALLS FOR WONDER WOMAN AT DI'S APARTMENT -
TOO BAD DI DOESN'T FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO GO TO THE PARTY AT HOLLIDAY COLLEGE AND CELEBRATE PSYCHO'S DEATH -
YES, GEN. DARNELL WILL BE DISAPPOINTED!
IF HE IS DEAD -
WE'LL ATTEND THIS PARTY, TOO - I, AS TYRONE GAYBLADE, THE GREAT LOVER, AND YOU, AS MY AGED MOTHER!
6-c
LET US OUT HERE - HA HO HA! THIS'LL BE A PARTY HOLLIDAY COLLEGE WILL NEVER FORGET, HUH, MOTHER?
YES.
TAX

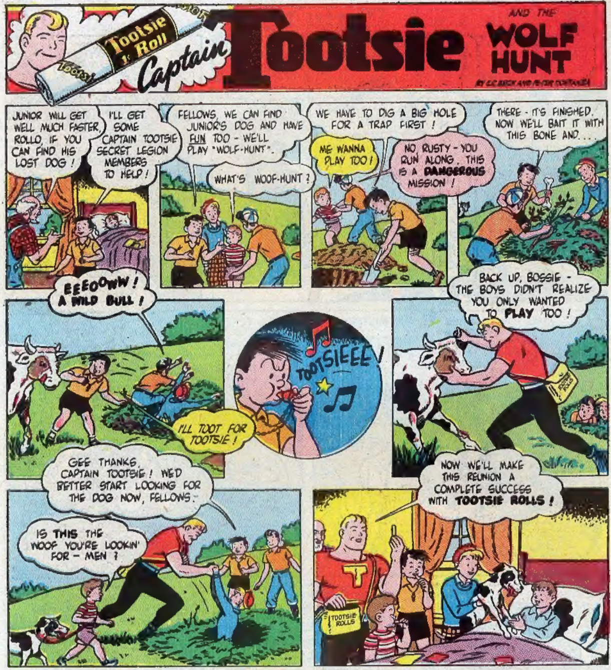

NICE OF YOU TO GIVE ME IT, OSCAR. *YUMMY!*
THAT'S OKAY- HMM THEY DO LOOK GOOD- *AHEM*- DON'T THEY?
THERE'S THAT REDHEADED ETTA CANDY. HERE'S WHERE MY PLAN BEGINS!
YOU'RE SO CUTE, ETTA-
DON'T TRY SOFT-SOAPING ME! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT UP THIS BOX OF CANDY LIKE YOU DID THE OTHERS!
AH, DON'T BE SO SUSPI- *OOOF!*
TAKE THAT, YUH BIG OAF! NEXT TIME DON'T TRY TO STEAL MY CANDY!
I'M TYRONE GAYBLADE- ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU.
THANKS, HANDSOME!
MAY I BE YOUR ESCORT FOR THE EVENING, LOVELY LADY?
SAY, QUIT CUTTIN' IN!
OF COURSE, TYRONE. TAKE A POWDER, SWEETGULPER.
7C
WOW! SOME HUNK OF MAN!
UH-HUH!
MEET TYRONE GAYBLADE AND HIS MOTHER. THIS IS **WONDER WOMAN**, MAJOR TREVOR, AND GENERAL DARNELL-
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY I AM TO MEET YOU!
BUT YOU SOON WILL- *HA HO HA!*
PHOOEY!

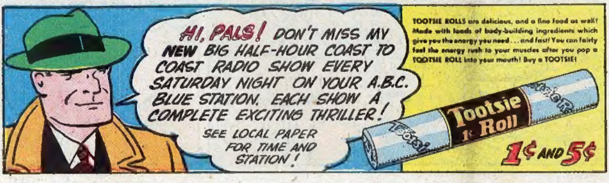

IF ONLY DIANA WERE HERE—
TYRONE SEEMS TO HAVE WON ETTA'S HEART.
I'M AFRAID SO.
HOW ABOUT SOME FRESH AIR, SWEET ONE?
WOO WOO! YOU MUST BE A MIND-READER, TY!
AH, YOU'RE SO SWEET! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU. MARRY ME RIGHT AWAY, TONIGHT!
I MUST THINK IT OVER—ALL RIGHT! LET'S TELL EVERYONE RIGHT AWAY!
MY FRIENDS, TYRONE AND I ARE BEING MARRIED HERE TONIGHT.
OH, NO! OH, WOE!
ETTA MUST BE CRAZY. SHE JUST MET HIM!
I WISH YOU'D MAKE SNAP DECISIONS LIKE THAT!
IF THE WEDDING'S HELD IN THIS LARGE ROOM WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE, MY PLAN WON'T WORK—I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
ETTA, I COULDN'T GET MARRIED BEFORE ALL THESE PEOPLE. I'D BE TOO NERVOUS!
WOO WOO! ME TOO! LEAVE IT TO ME—I'LL FIX IT!
ETTA SINGLES OUT HER SPECIAL FRIENDS AND—
DON'T YOU THINK THIS MARRIAGE IS A LITTLE HASTY, ETTA?
CAN'T BE FAST ENOUGH TO SUIT ME. TY'S GETTING THE MINISTER RIGHT NOW!


IN THE NEXT ROOM, PSYCHO PREPARES HIS DEVILMENT —
HA HO HA! MEDIUM, USE YOUR VITAL BODY ENERGY TO MAKE THIS MINISTER OF ELECTRICALLY CHARGED ECTOPLASM. I HAVE ANOTHER DEADLY USE FOR IT!
THERE GOES THE MINISTER. I'LL BRACE MYSELF AND CONGRATULATE THE LUCKY GROOM.
I THOUGHT TYRONE GAYBLADE WAS IN HERE.
WHAT A FUNNY LOOKING CREATURE! HE LOOKS FAMILIAR —
SWEETGULPER REMEMBERS A HEADLINE IN THE MORNING PAPER STILL IN HIS POCKET —
YE GADS! THERE'S DR. PSYCHO! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE OTHERS!
DAILY BLADE
I COMMAND YOU TO CHANGE THE ECTOPLASM MINISTER INTO STRIPS OF ELECTRONIC ECTOPLASM TO SLOWLY BURN AND STRANGLE EVERYONE IN THE NEXT ROOM!
9.c
NO SOONER DOES PSYCHO GIVE HIS GRUESOME ORDER THAN —
HEY! LISTEN, EVERYBODY! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! DR. PSYCHO'S IN THE NEXT ROOM WITH A MEDIUM!
GREAT HERA! I KNEW HE COULDN'T BE DEAD!
WOO WOO! MY FIANCE WAS REALLY PSYCHO! JILTED AGAIN!


YEOW! THIS STUFF BURNS LIKE AN ELECTRIC STOVE!
I'LL PROTECT YOU, ETTA!
THERE'S NO PROTECTION FROM ECTOPLASM!
EVEN AN AMAZON CAN'T BREAK ECTOPLASM, BECAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS ENERGY TAKEN FROM JOAN'S BODY.
THIS ECTOPLASM CAN BE STRETCHED – ENOUGH, I HOPE!
10-C
JOAN WHITE, I COMMAND YOU TO WRAP ALL THE ECTOPLASM AROUND DR PSYCHO!
NO! NO!
I'M COMPELLED TO OBEY!

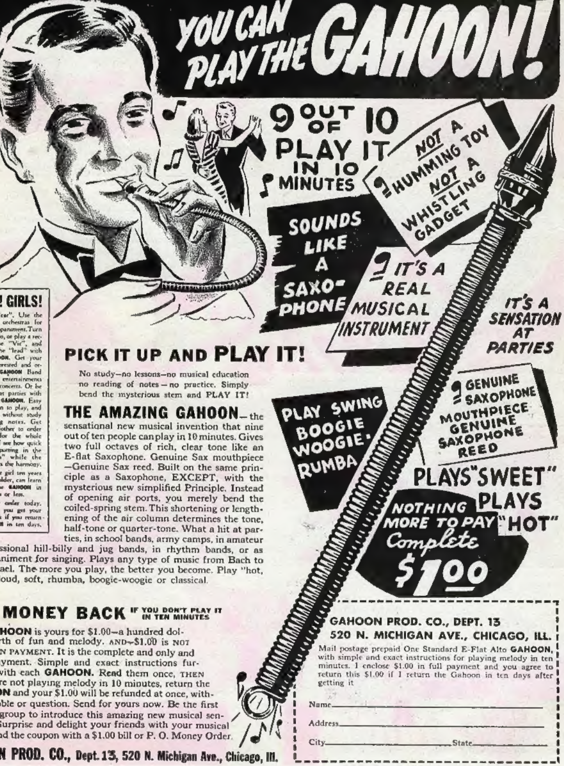

STOP - TAKE THIS ECTOPLASM AWAY - IT'S BURNING ME TO DEATH!
GRAB PSYCHO SWEETGULPER, I'M GOING TO DISSOLVE THE ECTOPLASM BEFORE IT KILLS HIM!
OKAY - BUT I'D RATHER SEE THE DEVIL BURN TO DEATH!
YLP!
I COMMAND YOU TO MAKE THE ECTOPLASM DISAPPEAR.
YES, MISTRESS!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS DEVIL AND THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO SLIP-UPS!
BLAZES! I HOPE NOT!
SWEETGULPER, YOU MAKE UP IN COURAGE WHAT YOU LACK IN BEAUTY - HAVE A CANDY!
AH, ETTA, YOU MUST LOVE ME AFTER ALL!
WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO NOW, ANGEL?
REFORM ISLAND -
11-C
YOU'LL LIVE HAPPILY IN OUR AMAZON PRISON, JOAN. THERE, YOU NEED NO LONGER FEAR PSYCHO.


Tootsie 1¢ Roll
Captain Tootsie
AND THE WOLF HUNT
BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA
JUNIOR WILL GET WELL MUCH FASTER, ROLLO, IF YOU CAN FIND HIS LOST DOG!
I'LL GET SOME CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION MEMBERS TO HELP!
FELLOWS, WE CAN FIND JUNIOR'S DOG AND HAVE FUN TOO - WE'LL PLAY "WOLF-HUNT".
WHAT'S WOOF-HUNT?
WE HAVE TO DIG A BIG HOLE FOR A TRAP FIRST!
ME WANNA PLAY TOO!
NO, RUSTY - YOU RUN ALONG. THIS IS A DANGEROUS MISSION!
THERE - IT'S FINISHED. NOW WE'LL BAIT IT WITH THIS BONE AND...
EEEOOWW! A WILD BULL!
TOOTSIEEE!
I'LL TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!
BACK UP, BOSSIE - THE BOYS DIDN'T REALIZE YOU ONLY WANTED TO PLAY TOO!
TOOTSIE ROLLS
GEE THANKS, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! WE'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR THE DOG NOW, FELLOWS.
IS THIS THE WOOF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR - MEN?
NOW WE'LL MAKE THIS REUNION A COMPLETE SUCCESS WITH TOOTSIE ROLLS!
TOOTSIE ROLLS


HI, PALS! DON'T MISS MY NEW BIG HALF-HOUR COAST TO COAST RADIO SHOW EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT ON YOUR A.B.C. BLUE STATION. EACH SHOW A COMPLETE EXCITING THRILLER!
SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION!
Tootsie 1¢ Roll
1¢ AND 5¢

TOOTSIE ROLLS are delicious, and a fine food as well! Made with loads of body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need . . . and fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a **TOOTSIE ROLL** into your mouth! Buy a **TOOTSIE!**

IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE YOU CAN PLAY THE GAHOON!


9 OUT OF 10 PLAY IT IN 10 MINUTES
NOT A HUMMING TOY
NOT A WHISTLING GADGET
SOUNDS LIKE A SAXO-PHONE
IT'S A REAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
IT'S A SENSATION AT PARTIES
GENUINE SAXOPHONE MOUTHPIECE
GENUINE SAXOPHONE REED
PLAY SWING BOOGIE WOOGIE, RUMBA
PLAYS "SWEET" PLAYS "HOT"
NOTHING MORE TO PAY
Complete $1.00

BOYS! GIRLS!

Play by "ear". Use the big dance orchestras for your accompaniment. Turn on the radio, or play a record on the "Vic", and you take the "lead" with your **GAHOON**. Get your friends interested and organize a **GAHOON** Band for school entertainments and party concerts. Or be the "hit" at parties with your Solo **GAHOON**. Easy to play, fun to play, and real music without study or reading notes. Get Dad or Mother to order **GAHOONS** for the whole family, and see how quick you'll be putting in the "hot licks" while the family plays the harmony.

Any boy or girl ten years of age, or older, can learn to play the **GAHOON** in ten minutes or less.

Send your order today. Remember, you get your money back if you return the **GAHOON** in ten days.

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study—no lessons—no musical education no reading of notes — no practice. Simply bend the mysterious stem and PLAY IT!

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece —Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening air ports, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. This shortening or lengthening of the air column determines the tone, half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot, sweet," loud, soft, rhumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

MONEY BACK "IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT IN TEN MINUTES"

The **GAHOON** is yours for $1.00—a hundred dollars worth of fun and melody. AND—$1.00 is NOT the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only and final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished with each **GAHOON.** Read them once, THEN if you are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the **GAHOON** and your $1.00 will be refunded at once, without quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first in your group to introduce this amazing new musical sensation. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical skill. Send the coupon with a $1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order.

GAHOON PROD. CO., Dept. 13, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

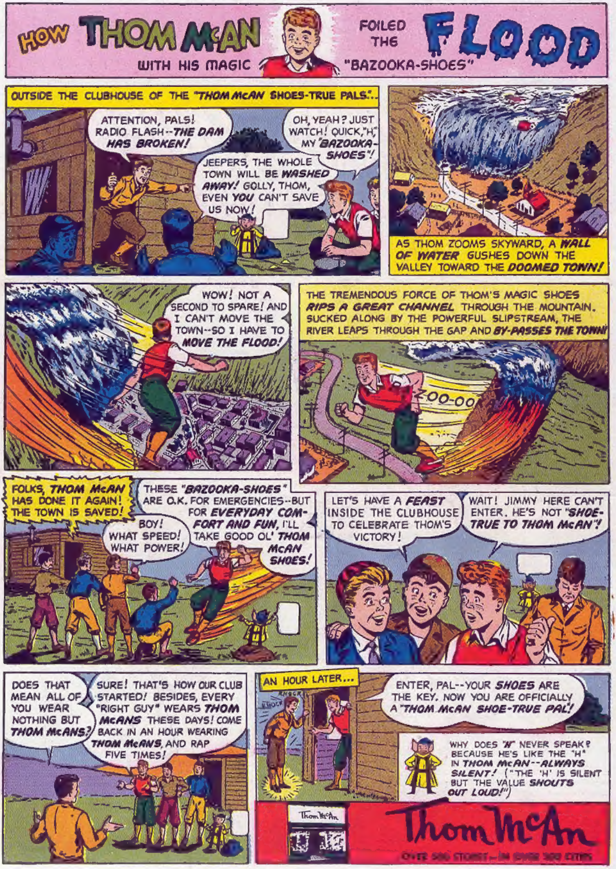
GAHOON PROD. CO., DEPT. 13
520 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto **GAHOON,** with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten minutes. I enclose $1.00 in full payment and you agree to return this $1.00 if I return the Gahoon in ten days after getting it

Name____

Address______________________________________

City________________________State______________


HOW THOM McAN FOILED THE FLOOD WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"
OUTSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE "THOM McAN SHOES-TRUE PALS"...
ATTENTION, PALS! RADIO FLASH--THE DAM HAS BROKEN!
JEEPERS, THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BE WASHED AWAY! GOLLY, THOM, EVEN YOU CAN'T SAVE US NOW!
OH, YEAH? JUST WATCH! QUICK, "H," MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!
AS THOM ZOOMS SKYWARD, A WALL OF WATER GUSHES DOWN THE VALLEY TOWARD THE DOOMED TOWN!
WOW! NOT A SECOND TO SPARE! AND I CAN'T MOVE THE TOWN--SO I HAVE TO MOVE THE FLOOD!
THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THOM'S MAGIC SHOES RIPS A GREAT CHANNEL THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN. SUCKED ALONG BY THE POWERFUL SLIPSTREAM, THE RIVER LEAPS THROUGH THE GAP AND BY-PASSES THE TOWN!
ZOO-OO
FOLKS, THOM McAN HAS DONE IT AGAIN! THE TOWN IS SAVED!
BOY! WHAT SPEED! WHAT POWER!
THESE "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ARE O.K. FOR EMERGENCIES--BUT FOR EVERYDAY COMFORT AND FUN, I'LL TAKE GOOD OL' THOM McAN SHOES!
LET'S HAVE A FEAST INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE TO CELEBRATE THOM'S VICTORY!
WAIT! JIMMY HERE CAN'T ENTER. HE'S NOT "SHOE-TRUE TO THOM McAN"!
DOES THAT MEAN ALL OF YOU WEAR NOTHING BUT THOM McANS?
SURE! THAT'S HOW OUR CLUB STARTED! BESIDES, EVERY "RIGHT GUY" WEARS THOM McANS THESE DAYS! COME BACK IN AN HOUR WEARING THOM McANS, AND RAP FIVE TIMES!
AN HOUR LATER...
KNOCK
KNOCK
ENTER, PAL--YOUR SHOES ARE THE KEY. NOW YOU ARE OFFICIALLY A "THOM McAN SHOE-TRUE PAL"!
WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN--ALWAYS SILENT! ("THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!")
Thom McAn
Thom McAn